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The Sketch



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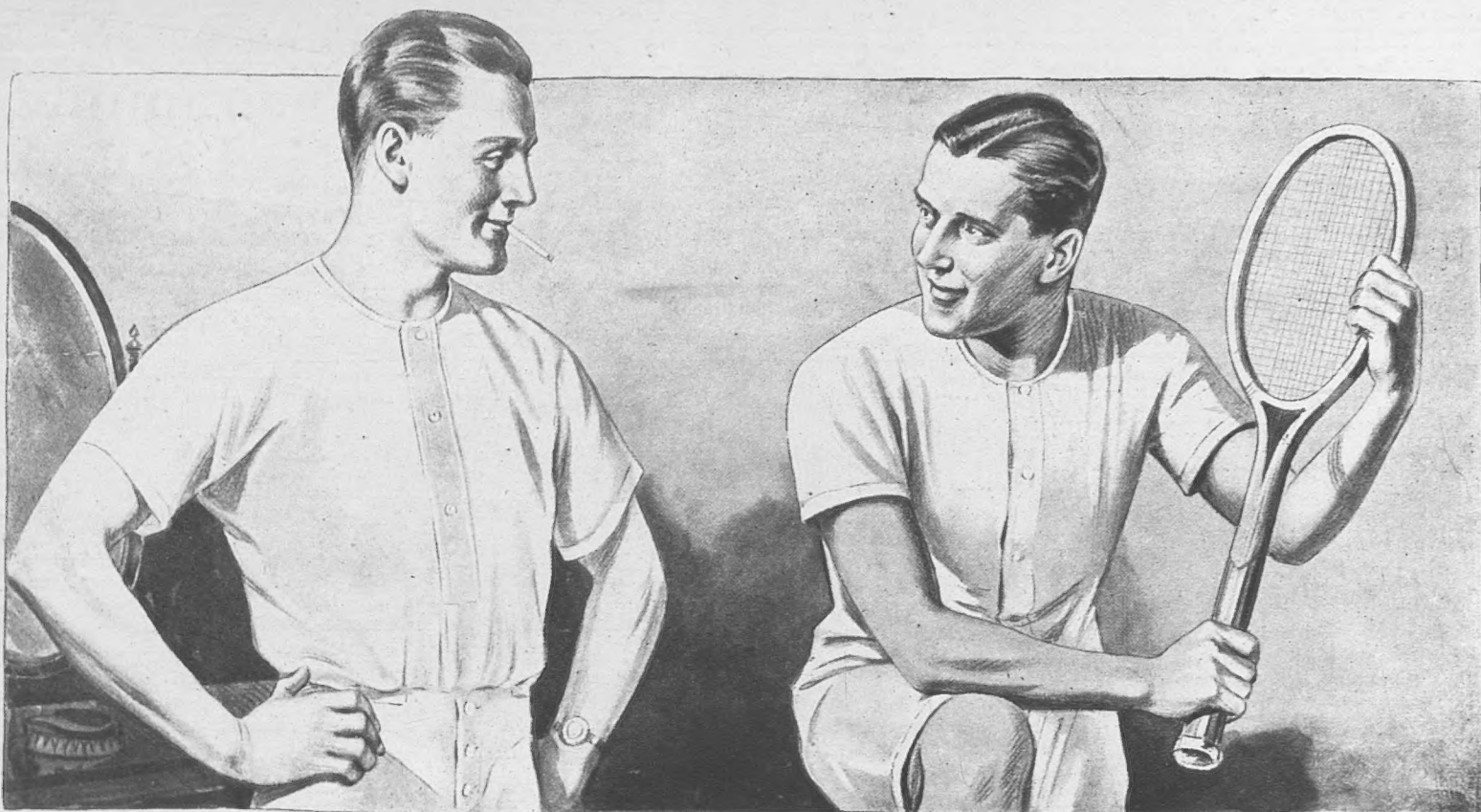
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We here present our latest Prize Competition, as fascinating as our last. All you have to do is to write your number of the order of merit of each of the above designs—the best twelve received in our competition for a poster design for “The Sketch”—in the space provided after No. under each. Fill in the signature form on page 3 of Cover, tear off the whole Cover, and post it to us (normal postage, 2d.) Address: £1000 “Sketch” Competition, “The Sketch,” 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Remember, we accept no responsibility for entries lost in the post; nor will we accept proof of postage as proof of receipt. The Selection Committee have already decided the order of merit, basing their choice upon the following points: adequate representation of the qualities of “The Sketch”; originality of idea; boldness of presentation; and artistic skill. We have published each design as sent in by the artist, but the absence of the word “SKETCH” in any design, or any slight inaccuracies in drawing or wording, were not taken into consideration in judging the order of merit, as they would be, of course, put right if used for poster purposes. The competitor who sends a list containing the largest number of correctly placed designs—most nearly corresponding

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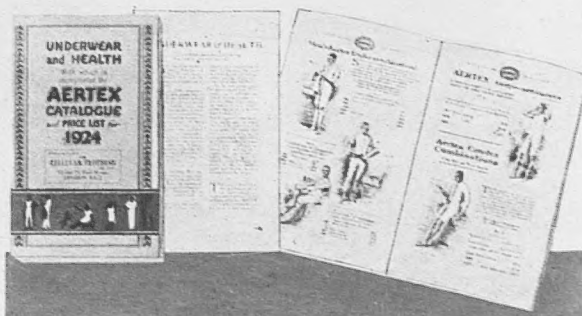
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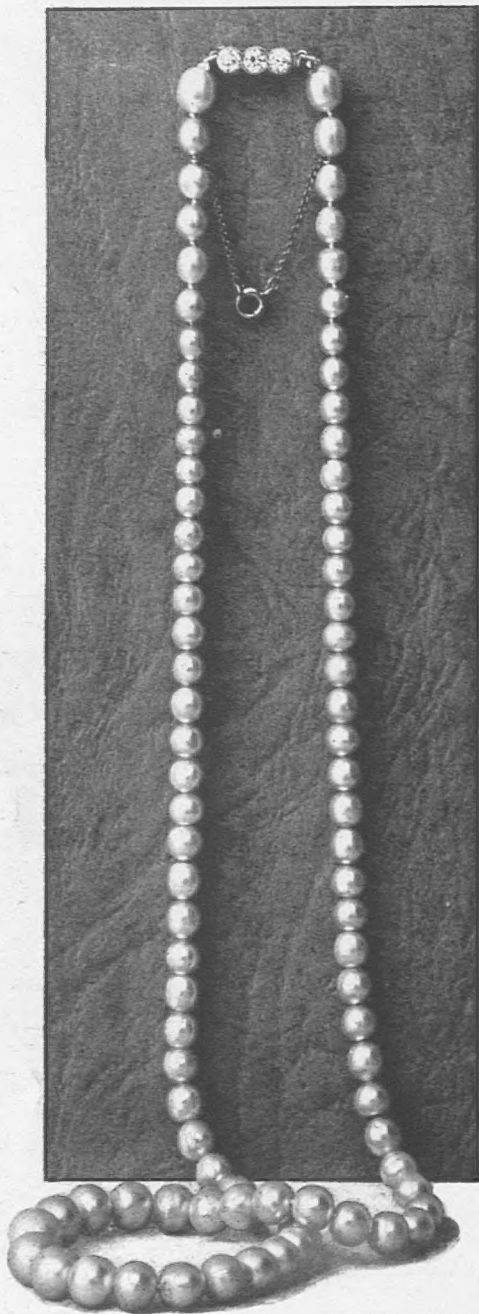


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The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1638—Vol. CXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



ENGLISH RAJAHS AND AN ENGLISH RANEE: MR. GEORGE ARLISS AND THEIR HIGHNESSES OF SARAWAK.

This entertaining photograph shows the wonderful stage Eastern potentate—Mr. George Arliss, as the Rajah of Rukh, in "The Green Goddess," at the St. James's—seated between the English Rajah of Sarawak, and the Ranee, on the Rajah's throne in the Temple Scene of "The Green Goddess." The action of Mr. Archer's thrilling play—which is one of the outstanding successes of the theatrical year—takes place in Rukh, an imaginary kingdom "behind the Himalayas,"

while the kingdom of Sarawak, over which the English Rajah (Charles Vyner Brooke) rules, is a British protected state, in the north west of the island of Borneo. It is almost as large as England, and is the only Oriental state governed by a white Rajah. Charles Vyner Brooke, H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak, is the third of his line. His marriage to the second daughter of the second Viscount Esher took place in 1911.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT FOOLISH CRICKETERS.

CRICKETERS are usually fine fellows and fine sportsmen. But they are not, as a rule, particularly brainy.

Brainy on the field, yes. Brainy in the management of their affairs, no.

I am speaking of English cricketers. The Australians happen to have a brainy captain. But, in case his successor should not be brainy, they get over the difficulty by having a manager.

That is why the Australians win matches and draw big gates. It is all the result of successful management. Cricket is an expensive game. You can't build up a fine team without money and plenty of it. You can't get money and plenty of it without a fine team. That is the difficulty of the less populous English counties. How is that difficulty to be overcome?

By skilful management. To begin with, it is just as well to let people know where your ground is situated and when your

and often passed my own county ground during September and October and looked grimly at the closed gates. The blue sky and the sun are overhead, but the green grass is not underfoot. It is locked away until the rainy season of the next year sets in with pitiless force. Then the cricketers will turn out in their tweed suits and inspect the pitch fourteen times before lunch.

And they complain that the coffers are empty, wherefore they cannot afford to build up a "nursery."

But we will suppose that July has arrived, and cricket has started in earnest. What is done to make cricket interesting to the spectator?

Oddly enough, the first thing the spectator wishes to know is the names of the players. If he is fairly intelligent, and keeps his wits about him, he can generally discover the names of the batsmen. And it is gradually becoming the custom to place an asterisk beside the name of the wicket-keep. For years, of course, the name of the wicket-keep

A fieldsman has just as much right to be known as a bowler or a wicket-keep. Many people go to matches to watch a certain fielder. How are they to spot him without twisting their heads off?

Very simply. All cricketers should wear white caps with black numbers on them to correspond with the numbers on the card. If race-horses can be numbered, why not cricketers? And yet it has been left to an obscure person like myself to think of a simple solution of a very old problem.

And now about that old, old grievance, the slowness of cricket. You can't deny that it is slow. Why is it slow?

It is not the batsman who makes it slow. The batsman is there, ready to do his job, whenever the bowler chooses to bowl. He may not hit a run off every ball, but that is not his business. He plays at every ball, and more you cannot expect.

The time is lost between the delivery of the balls. And why? I am not blaming the bowler. He is ready to bowl the moment



PRINCE HENRY AND BROTHER-OFFICERS: THE OFFICERS OF THE 10th HUSSARS, PRESENTED TO THE KING AT THE RECENT LEVÉE.

Our group of the officers of the 10th Hussars shows, from left to right (front row): Captain I. D. Guthrie, Captain A. S. Turnham, Lord William Scott, Major V. J. Greenwood, M.C., Major G. E. Gosling, M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel Malise Graham, D.S.O., H.R.H. Prince Henry, K.G., G.C.V.O., Major R. G. Roberts, M.C., Captain W. G. Horne, and Captain J. S. M.

Wardell, M.B.E.; and (back row): Lieutenant the Hon. J. J. Stourton, Second Lieutenant Miller, Lieutenant W. E. Carver, Lieutenant C. B. Church, Lieutenant P. J. Donner, Lieutenant H. J. Mylne, Lieutenant J. D. Hignett, Lieutenant S. A. Ralli, Lieutenant D. Cross, Lieutenant Portman, and Lieutenant C. K. Davy, M.C.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

matches will be played. Nothing is quite so badly advertised as cricket. Football matches and horse-races are magnificently advertised. To discover a cricket match you have to be a diviner.

The next mistake is to begin playing too early and leaving off too early. If you strike an average, you will find that the finest months of the year, and therefore the months most suitable for cricket—are July, August, September, and October. Cricketers allow themselves four months in the year for cricket, two wet and two fine.

They spend May and June inspecting the wicket, and playing cards, and smoking pipes and cigarettes, and staring out of the window at the shivering spectators.

They spend September and October wondering why they are not playing cricket. On Aug. 31 all the county grounds are closed, save for a Festival here and there. The benches are empty and the pitches idle.

All through those months the sun beats down on the deserted grounds. I have often

was a deadly secret, known only to a chosen few. Now, in several counties, the dashing and progressive devils are letting the public into the "know."

But what about the fielders? Have you ever been to a match without hearing people all round you asking "Who fielded that?" "Who is this man with his back to us?" "Where is So-and-So fielding?" Thousands of spectators get dislocated necks every season trying to find the position in the field of some idolised cricketer.

Why not help them a little? Why should cricketers disguise themselves by all looking alike? The usual make-up is a bronzed face, a small brown moustache, flannels, white boots, and a small blue cap. Clever fellows like Mr. Pelham Warner, of course, wear a distinctive cap. They know the public want to pick them out, and they help the public. But the average player is not supposed to do that, especially professionals. The public must be kept in the dark as long as possible as to the identity of this or that fielder.

the ball is returned to him. Indeed, I am not blaming any individual player for the slowness of the game. The system is at fault.

Why use only one ball? Why should everybody wait while the same wretched ball is recovered from the boundary and returned to the bowler? You would not think of playing lawn-tennis like that.

The umpire should have six balls in his pocket. If the ball can be returned quickly to the bowler, well and good. If it can't, the umpire will simply feed him another, and the balls will be collected at the end of the over. Just as at tennis.

Well, there are a few reasonable ways of improving the financial status of any county club, to say nothing of the pleasure of the spectator, who pays the piper. Play from July to October. Number your players. Advertise. Use half-a-dozen balls.

(If this article appeared in the *Sportsman* signed "A. C. Maclaren," it would cause a revolution.)

A Suitable Bathing Suit for an English Summer!



WRAPPED IN COSY ERMINE FOR HER SWIM: A HINT FROM THE U.S.A. FOR OUR ARCTIC JUNE DAYS.

The thought of bathing ought, of course, to gladden our hearts in "flaming" June; but with the rigorous summer to which we have been treated in 1924, most women have merely shuddered at the idea! Above, however, we show the solution of the problem: one has only

to buy a cosy fur swimming-suit, and all will be well. Miss Geraldine Morris, a member of the "Fables Girls" company, launched the fashion at Crystal Beach, California, and one feels sure that her idea will be gratefully adopted by the Summer Girls of this country.

Photograph by T.P.A.

Including the Bride of a Prince: Wedding Photographs.



THE MARRIAGE OF LT. MASON SCOTT, R.N., AND MISS IRENE SEELY: THE BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVING ST. MARY'S, BROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

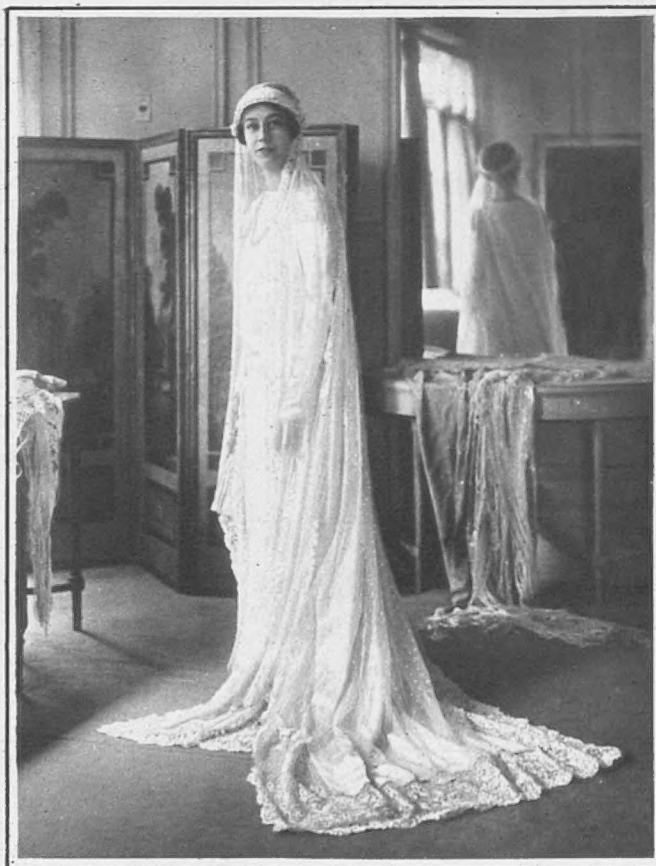


AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: CAPT. VIVIAN BULKELEY-JOHNSON AND HIS BRIDE, MISS SIRIOL WILLIAMS-BULKELEY.



THE MARRIAGE OF A FAMOUS VOCALIST: MISS PHYLLIS LETT AND HER BRIDEGROOM, MR. CHARLES RUPERT DE BURGH KER, M.C.

Miss Irene Seely, second daughter of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Seely, M.P., of Brooke House, Isle of Wight, was married to Lieutenant Mason Scott, R.N. (retired) last week.—Captain Vivian Bulkeley-Johnson, late Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bulkeley-Johnson, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Miss Sirioli Williams-Bulkeley, youngest daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley, of Pen Park, Beaumaris,



THE BRIDE OF PRINCE VIGGO OF DENMARK: MISS ELEANOR GREEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE IN NEW YORK.

North Wales, and 26, Portland Place.—The well-known vocalist, Miss Phyllis Lett, who is the third daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Lett, B.A., was married to Mr. Charles Rupert de Burgh Ker, M.C., last week.—The marriage of Prince Viggo of Denmark and Miss Eleanor Margaret Green was celebrated in New York, the Danish Royal family being represented at the wedding by Prince Waldemar, the father of the bridegroom.

Photographs by Bassano, C.N., T.P.A., and Alfieri.

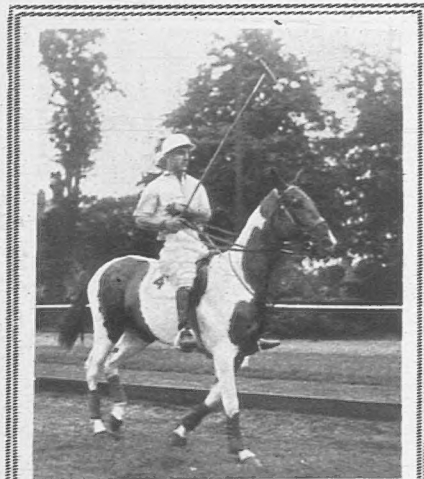
International Polo: The Trial Team and the Rest.



TRIAL TEAM: MAJOR G. PHIPPS
HORNBY.



TRIAL TEAM: MAJOR HURNDALL.



TRIAL TEAM: MR. L. L. LACEY.



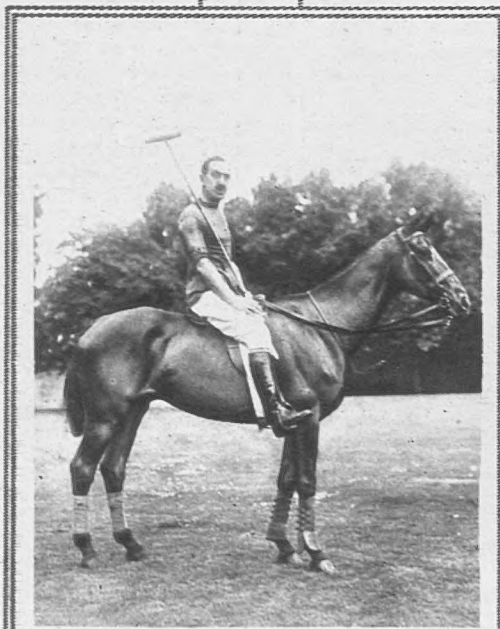
THE REST: MR. EARL HOPPING.



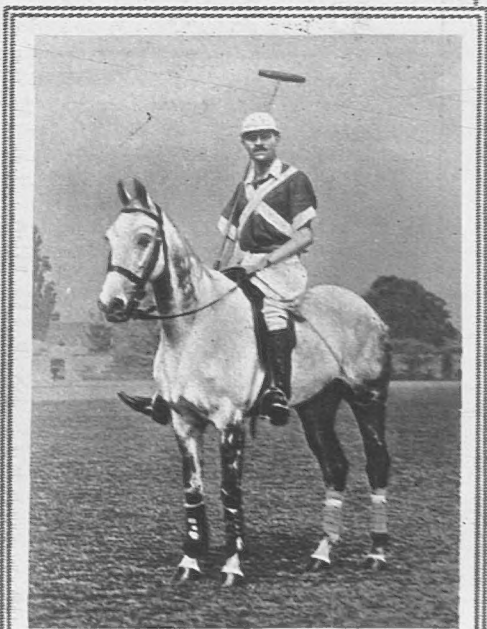
TRIAL TEAM: MAJOR KIRKWOOD.



THE REST: MR. TRAILL.



THE REST: MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT.



THE REST: LIEUT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL.

The fifth trial match for the selection of the team to represent England in the match against America, which is to be played at Meadowbrook in September, was fixed to take place at Roehampton on Monday last, June 16, the sides chosen being: The Trial Side—Major T. W. Kirkwood, Major Phipps-Hornby, Major Hurndall, and Mr. L. L. Lacey; and

The Rest—Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Melvill, Mr. Earl Hopping, Major Vivian Lockett, and Mr. Traill. At the preceding trial match the Trial side consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Melvill, Major Hurndall, Lord Cholmondeley, and Mr. L. L. Lacey; and other combinations have been played.—[Photographs by Rouch.]

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

THE advent of Ascot always makes me want to philosophise over the delightful naïveté of human nature. I don't mean in regard to our belief in the powers of the four-footed beauties on whom we lose our money, as that has been a mortal attribute since the days of the Old Testament. As a racing man pointed out to me the other day, King David knew all about those who "put their trust in horses," and mentioned them in a Psalm. No; Ascot

On the last night of the meeting, when we have all won and lost, there is to be a big dance given by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Keating, at King's Beeches, for their daughter, Miss Hilary Keating; and if the weather only proves reasonable, there will be much lawn-tennis played by the many members of the house parties when they get home after the racing each day.



Lady Mostyn, and Lady Burn all gave dinners for it.



1. Angela and Kitten have just started a Beauty Parlour. This is their old friend Miss Edith Plainleigh arriving to buy a cheap jar of face-cream.

Week symbolises to me the wonderful trust with which we women regard the English climate. It is almost pathetic how each year we choose chiffon and lace models for wear at the great racing carnival, and then spend the week before Ascot in a state of misery, wondering if it will rain, hail, or snow, and if it does one or all three of these outrageous things, what in the name of goodness we shall wear on Cup Day. This year we had an even worse time than usual: for with garments suitable for a sub-tropical climate waiting in our wardrobes, we lived through the torrential rains of last week, and even as I write, no one can tell me what the Clerk of the Weather holds in store for us.

Whatever happens, though, we are likely to have a wonderful Ascot from the social point of view. The King and Queen and their Royal Family party are coming over from Windsor as usual, and the Duchess of York will enjoy her first Ascot since her marriage: for it will be remembered that last year she was not able to attend. The Duke of Connaught is entertaining at Bagshot Park, and has his son and daughter-in-law with him, as well as Lady Patricia Ramsay; while Lord and Lady Derby are at Cowarth Park, Suttingdale—a specially accessible spot. Other important houses parties in that neighbourhood are those of Sir Neville and Lady Chamberlain, Margaret Ranee of Sarawak, Lilian Lady Cromartie, and others; and those who have taken houses for the week include Sir Gervase Beckett, who is renting Sunninghill Vicarage; Lord Lonsdale, Englemere; and Major-General Sir Cecil Bingham, The Hermitage.

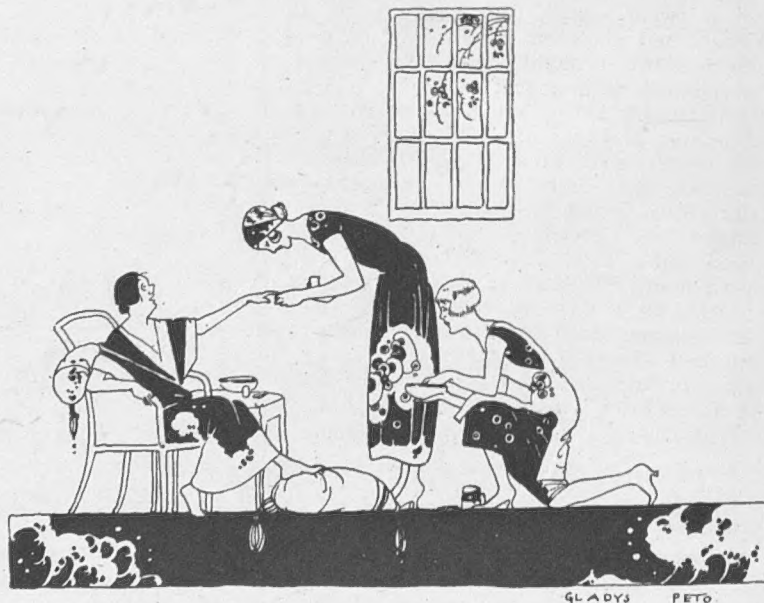
And now to the events of last week. There was plenty of gaiety to make us forget all about the rain, and one of the most successful parties of the pre-Ascot days was the Bal Travesti given by Lady Rodd and Mrs. Benson at 66, Grosvenor Street. Guests were instructed that dominoes and masks, or pierrot or harlequin costumes were to be the order of the night, and the result was most successful. The two girls in whose honour the festivity took place—Miss Rodd and Miss Benson—were both pink pierrettes, and Lady Rodd looked simply beautiful in an apricot-and-silver Venetian cloak with a tricorn hat; while the Duchess of Sutherland, who had a dinner party before the dance, was completely covered up by a domino, as were all the members of her party. Mrs. Corrigan was another dinner

hostess for the ball, and the mask-and-domino game, at which everyone played, was carried out with great verve and success, Lady Holford and Lady Lucan and many other well-known people contriving to conceal their identity until midnight struck, and everyone revealed her face. Lady Alexandra Curzon looked particularly lovely; and Lady Mary Thynne (whose own dance took place a couple of nights later), Lady Brecknock, Lady Violet Benson, Lady Patricia Ward, and Mrs. Roland Cubitt were among those who were eventually unmasked.

The same night there was Lady John Joicey Cecil's ball for her two daughters, and ever so many important people were among the dancers there, including Lady Rachel Howard, whose mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, has now handed over Norfolk House to Mr. and Mrs. W. Harry Brown, of Pittsburgh, for the remainder of the season. Lady Pansy Pakenham came with her mother, Lady Longford; and Lady Gillford,

And talking of dances and dancers, one of the prettiest of this season's débutantes is Miss Carol Glorney, one of the American "invaders." Mr. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney have taken the same house which Lord and Lady Portman had for their daughter's wedding. It is owned by the financier, Mr. Clarence Hatry, and is ideal for entertaining. At Mrs. Glorney's ball the other night the decorations were lovely; rambler roses trailed up over the doors to make arches of roses under which one passed to enter the ball-room; while the staircase was as gay as a pergola in a sunny June. Mrs. Glorney had a golden satin and lace gown, and carried a huge pansy purple feather fan, while her daughter wore the gown she had for her presentation at the first Court—a soft pink satin hemmed with ostrich-feather fronds. The Italian Ambassador and his wife, the Danish Minister and his lady, Lady Bute and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, Lady Leigh, Lord Fairfax—who would naturally be at the house of a well-known American; Sir John and Lady Latta, and their newly engaged daughter, and ever so many more well-known people were present, and dancing went on till a very late hour.

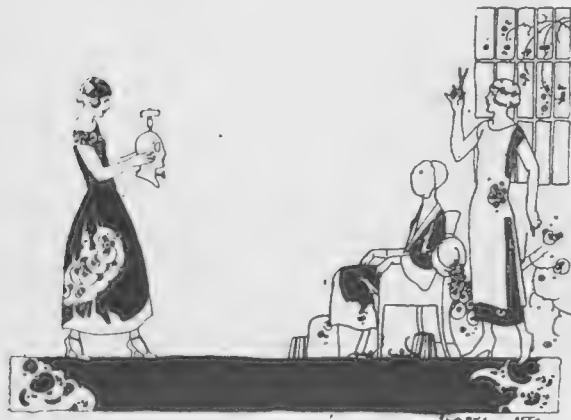
Lady Harcourt's dances seem to be the signal for her daughters' engagements. Last year, Miss Olivia Harcourt became engaged



2. True to their newly developed commercial instincts, Kitten and Angela persuade her to submit to a manicure and a pedicure.

to Mr. John Mulholland at the time of her mother's ball, and the dance given by Lady Harcourt the other night was the occasion of the first—and unofficial—announcement

of the engagement of her eldest daughter, Miss Doris Harcourt, to Mr. Alec Baring. Of course, congratulations poured in, and the dance was a particularly festive one. Miss Harcourt looked charming in her dress of geranium-red with a bead-embroidered flounce, and was dancing frequently with her fiancé. Miss Barbara Harcourt was in shimmering silver tissue; and her sister, Mrs. John Mulholland, who came with her husband, wore gold lace, with a green scarf round her shoulders to match the strapping of green on her shoes.



3. After which Kitten prevails upon her to undergo a mud treatment for her complexion—also a hair-shingling. Angela is approaching from the left with her specialty—the profile-improver.

Lady Harcourt stood for a long time at the top of the stairs receiving her guests, and looking very well in a dress of black-and-silver brocade with many diamonds, and the tall tiara—which belonged to her mother—of diamonds and large pear-shaped amethysts. The beautiful ball-room had pink hydrangeas banked at the top of the double staircase which occupies the end of the room, and the supper tables had centre-pieces of massed sweet-peas, some deep and some pale, but not mixed.

Débutantes and married women were to be seen at the ball in almost equal numbers, and dancing went with a swing. The young marrieds included Mrs. Roland Cubitt (in a peculiar frock of lemon-and-green georgette, with a row of tiny coloured flowers embroidered round the neck) with her husband; and Lady Warrender in all red, and with twenty-eight (the remains of three dozen) red glass bangles on her right arm. Lord Howe brought Lady Howe, in pink satin, and with a scarf of pink tulle; Sir Alfred and Lady Mond came with their daughter, Nora; Lady Mond having a frock of green, gold and blue embroideries. I noticed, too, Lady Cunard in her crystal-drop frock, which has had wing-like draperies added to it, of white chiffon broadly edged with red; Mrs. Ronald Greville, chatting with many friends, and wearing her famous pearls, with a dress of oxydised brocade and a green scarf . . . but one can't count up half the well-knowns who were at this ball, or number the smart young dancing men, such as Lord Ivor Churchill and Lord Glentanar.

The big wedding of last week—that of Lady Mary Fox-Strangways to Captain Herbert—was unlucky in the way of weather, to say the least of it! Rain poured down as the guests arrived at the church, but the bride will be happy, if the old superstition holds properly, as a shaft of sunshine just lit on her head as she came out of the vestry after signing the register.

But, to go back to the beginning, the rather sombre Oratory managed to look quite gay with the faces of its flat columns covered

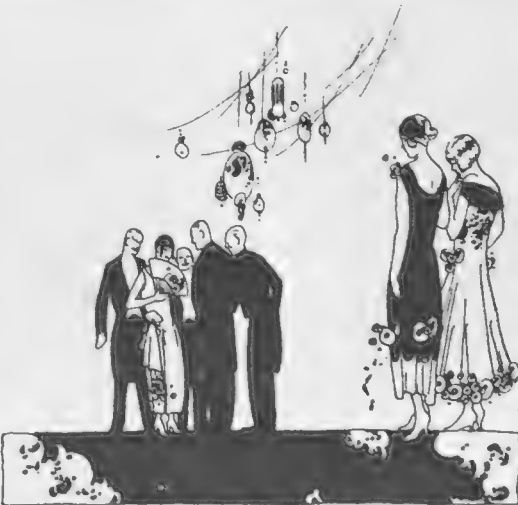
with crimson brocade; and the really wonderful Goodyear arrangement of huge crimson roses which were displayed in eight gilt vases toned in extremely well. I am told that nearly a thousand blooms were used in the decoration. Red appeared again in the bouquets carried by the little company of child bridesmaids, who were very quaint in their full skirts of Brussels lace over white.

Seldom has a more "lacey bride" been seen than Lady Mary, and there is no question that a veil of real old lace falling over the face is most becoming. Although the ultra-long train had loops of orange-blossom attached to the end, it was not carried by the train-bearers, as was evidently intended—indeed, one of the little tots, Lady Moira Combe's small girl, was dissolved in tears at the mere idea, poor darling!

Naturally, the reception held by Lady Ilchester was a very special affair, for Holland House is such a beautiful place. It seems incredible that this old-world mansion, standing in its own terraced gardens, and with playing fountains making their delicate music for the delight of those with leisure to listen for it, should be so near the business and rush of town, and almost within hail of the motor-buses of the High Street, Kensington.

The guests passed up through the Gilt Room to where Lady Ilchester (in a soft French-blue georgette gown, beaded in blue and crystal, and with a choker collar and earrings of black pearls—the former had a lovely diamond clasp, just to prove how real they are, in case anyone should have a doubt as to their authenticity—as well as her white pearls) was receiving against a background of painted coats-of-arms. One then passed on through the Joshua Room to the library, where the bride's presents were arranged, before an effective background of ancient books in golden calf bindings.

Glass made a very fine display, and there was much silver; while Lord Ilchester's gift of a beaver-and-skunk coat was very



5. But Angela and Kitten's honest pride in their work of art suffered a sad trial when they saw the transformed Miss Edith Plainleigh the adored of all their own admirers.

covetable. Lady Mary received two fur coats, for Mrs. Elinor Glyn gave a white fur wrap lined with mandarin-blue.

The bride, naturally, had many lovely jewels, and I admired the little pearl grape-cluster ear-rings which she wore with her wedding gown in addition to the string of pearls with an emerald clasp given her by the bridegroom.

But, to return to the display of gifts, those of the bridegroom were shown quite separately in the long room downstairs, which is called the Swanneries, as the painted panels which adorn it all picture swans. The dresses at the reception were very smart, in spite of the distressing weather. Lady Herbert was in black lace over white; Mary Lady Ilchester in embroidered black and white, and wearing the most wonderful necklace of cabochon emeralds I have ever seen, to match her square brooch. Lady Plunket looked slimmer than ever in black, and was laughing gaily with her husband as they chatted with friends at the reception. Mrs. Clive was in a black satin coat and frock with turn-back revers in beige and gold. She took charge of the procession of bridesmaids at the Oratory, both before and after the ceremony, and dealt with the babies most tactfully, seeing that they were all duly photographed, before their parents and nannies carried them off.



4. The combined result is too wonderful. Miss Edith Plainleigh is dancing for joy, while pound notes fall upon Kitten like leaves in autumn. Angela is recommending her to the costume-dressmaking friend, Miss Frillie Over-Charge, who will continue the good work.

A good many of the guests who came to the ceremony at the Oratory divided their favours between the two important weddings of Wednesday, and went on to the reception at 26, Portland Place, after the marriage of Miss Sirlol Williams-Bulkeley to Captain Vivian Bulkeley-Johnson. Here one found Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley, clad in cinnamon beaded georgette, with a small hat and drooping feather to match, receiving at the top of the stairs; while the newly married pair were in one of the drawing-rooms, which are notable for their beautiful tapestry furniture and fine Old Masters.

The bride's gleaming silver tissue was echoed by the dresses of her child attendants, who carried Victorian posies of bright red geraniums to match their head-bands. By the way, they were not able to display the bridegroom's gift to them, as it took the form of opera-glasses, which, even in these advanced modern times, are not suitable for use in church.

As for the presents, they were lovely, and included a number of fine pieces of jewellery, glass in plenty, and silver; while Lady Susan Birch sent the handsome and useful offering of embroidered household linen.

The cake—a two-tier affair, with flowers on it in a sugar-vase held in the arms of cupids—was cut in the dining-room, which is hung with pictures of reigning members of the House of Stuart.

MARIEGOLD.

Herbert-Fox-Strangways: A Wedding of the Week.



With the little Ladies Anne & Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck:
the Marchioness of Titchfield.



One of the
little bridesmaids.
Miss Combe & her father,
Major Combe.



Colonel Hankey
& the three Misses Ward.



Leaving the Church:
Countess Poulett.



Leaving the Oratory: Capt. Herbert & his bride, Lady Mary Fox-Strangways.



After the ceremony:
Lady Lyle.

THE MARRIAGE OF AN EARL'S DAUGHTER: GUESTS AT THE ORATORY, AND THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

The most important marriage of last week was that of Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, to Captain J. A. Herbert, son of the late Sir Arthur Herbert and of Lady Herbert. The ceremony took place at the Brompton Oratory, and Lady Ilchester subsequently held a reception at Holland House, which was attended by many well-known people. The bride, who was given

away by her father, was attended by her sister, Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck (elder daughter of the Marchioness of Titchfield), the Hon. Pamela Digby, Miss Mary St. Clair, Miss Susan Vernon, Miss Virginia Clive, Miss Audrey Combe, Miss Rosamond Hornby, and Miss Constance Stanley. Our photographs show the bride and groom, and a few of the wedding guests.

Photographs by Farringdon Photo Co., and C.N.

And Fiancés: Kipling's Daughter; Duke's Daughter.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEORGE BAMBRIDGE, M.C.:
MISS ELSIE KIPLING.



TO MARRY MISS ELSIE KIPLING: CAPTAIN GEORGE
BAMBRIDGE, M.C.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN W. FILMER-SANKEY: LADY URSULA GROSVENOR.

Miss Elsie Kipling, whose engagement to Captain George Bambridge, M.C., Hon. Attaché at the British Embassy in Madrid, has just been announced, is the only surviving child of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the famous author and poet. An interesting point in connection with her betrothal is that Mr. Kipling mentions Captain Bambridge—his future son-in-law—no fewer than sixteen times in his book,



ENGAGED TO LADY URSULA GROSVENOR: CAPT. W. FILMER-SANKEY.

"The Irish Guards in the Great War," and eulogises his character and capacity.—Lady Ursula Grosvenor is the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and of Constance Duchess of Westminster. Captain W. Filmer-Sankey, 1st Life Guards, is the son of the late Commander Filmer-Sankey, and is well known as a brilliant steeplechase rider.

Photographs by Topical, W. A. Rouch, I.B., and Sport and General.

Bull's-Eyed Out of Bed!



THROWING A BALL AT THE TARGET ABOVE THE BED-ROOM—TO TURN THE "SLEEPER" OUT OF BED!



THE SURPRISING RESULT OF A BULL'S-EYE: THE GIRL FALLS OUT OF BED, AT WEMBLEY.

The attractions at Wembley are so many and varied that it has as yet been impossible for anyone to have done the complete tour of the British Empire Exhibition, which contains plenty of laughter-making side-shows, as well as improving ones. Our photographs illustrate one of the most comical features of the Amusement Park—the game of

"bull's-eyeing" the girl out of bed. Competitors attempt to hit the centre of the target above a prettily staged bed-room, containing a girl in bed. If a bull's-eye be achieved, the bed turns over and the girl is precipitated on to the floor, and causes much amusement to the onlookers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

This Week's Studdy.



COCKTAILS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

Lely's Nell Gwynne Come to Life.



AS THE FAVOURITE OF THE MERRY MONARCH: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS IN THE TITLE-RÔLE
OF "OUR NELL."

Miss José Collins, who is now appearing in the title-rôle of "Our Nell" at the Gaiety, wears some beautiful period dresses in the production, and is shown in our photograph in the costume designed after the well-known picture of the famous "Mrs. Nelly," by Sir Peter Lely, which is reproduced on our facing page.

Miss Collins plays the rôle of the girl who rose from selling oranges in Drury Lane to fame as an actress and the King's favourite, with all her well-known verve, while her singing seems to improve with every new production in which she is "starred."—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



The Clubman.

By Beveren.

Derby and Wembley Traffic.

Since the war it has seemed to happen that any public event that proves surprisingly attractive is too unwieldy for the arrangements made.

There was the Cup Final fiasco of 1923, which meant that this year's match between Aston Villa and Newcastle was not allowed to draw as vast a crowd as so fascinating a contest would have done had it been played at the Crystal Palace. Now we have had the Derby of 1924, which, I should say, broke all records in a new direction: never were there so many thousands of people who set out to see the great race at Epsom and did not even reach the Downs. And on Whit Monday the unexpectedly large number of holiday-makers who visited the Wembley Exhibition—321,232 was the official total—revealed a certain amount of inelasticity in the traffic arrangements.

For instance, though at midnight thousands of people, many of them women with little children, were still waiting to get home, the train service from Wembley Hill Station ceased about 11.30. A great trade was to be expected that night in taking the enormous crowds back to London; but our modern system of organisation is so detailed and on such a vast scale that it seems incapable of coping with emergencies.

Undoubtedly the increased traffic facilities, by train and by road, have helped to inspire all classes with the desire for sight-seeing, and it seems inevitable that on occasion no preliminary planning can be sufficient to deal with the crowds. Perhaps we shall have to regard these occasions as the accompanying penalty of modern "speeding-up." And it is not only the big popular events that mean crushes. There have been political receptions in the last two or three years so crowded that gorgeously gowned women have been jammed to a state of breathlessness, and dignified men squeezed into a state bordering on apoplexy. And who who was there will forget the excitement of the crush at the Italian Royalties ball at Mrs. Ronald Greville's?

The Lord Mayor's Derby Walk.

As for the Derby, and the cars and charabancs that got stuck in the mud, and the disappointed folk who got held up in the traffic block, and so never saw Sansovino's fine win, let me quote one fact. The Lord Mayor of London, coming from London by car, had to get out and walk two and a-half miles to reach the Grand Stand. So had that experienced racegoer and owner, Mr. Solly Joel, who had luncheon and a big party of friends awaiting him in his box.

I have been many times to the Derby—by train, by car, and by coach. This was the first Derby I attended and did not see. Every year since the war I have gone down

to Brighton overnight, and on Derby Day journeyed with the utmost smoothness to the Grand Stand by way of Crawley and Reigate. But this Derby Day! Well, everything went happily and according to custom until we got past Reigate at about noon. Then a policeman pulled us up and said his orders were to turn us to the left. It was useless our telling him we wanted to get to the Grand Stand, not Tattenham Corner. He pointed ahead where we should join the London traffic, and said the block there had lasted four hours, and cars were coming back. He had his way. We joined one almost immovable line of cars and charabancs that was bound for Tattenham Corner. We got out of that to find ourselves skirting

course. We lunched in the car—that was the day's god-send. We caught a glimpse of the traffic police's sausage-balloon that was supposed to be doing so much for us. Two policemen on bicycles who seemed to be going off duty did pass us. We heard one lorry rider ask the driver why the police did not see that the hundreds of waiting vehicles, of which ours was one, began to move. "I expect," retorted the driver, "that there is only one policeman for this road, and he's gone to lunch." There was a funny man, too, who said that Colonel Laurie's mounted police who trained their horses to stand so still must have been training the motor traffic to do the same.

At five minutes past three, when slowly, very slowly, our line of waiting cars began definitely to forge ahead, we had one inspiration: we resolved to get out of it, to miss the racing altogether. It was then that we did find policemen to help us. We had returned to Reigate by half-past three, and a cross-eyed man, who said he was a poet, told us what had won. He also advised us to back Straitlace for the Oaks.

Ever since I have heard doleful stories of the experiences of motorists who, like ourselves, never reached the course. Those that did took hours to get away out of the mud that made the Downs look like a Flanders battlefield. There must have been some extraordinary experiences between 6 p.m. and midnight on the Downs that night. A descriptive writer wearing a mackintosh and a stout pair of leggings would have had columns of copy for the next day. But I read no such article in the daily papers. But I have heard dozens of women say, no more Derbys by road for them.

Removing the Sting.

The newly appointed manager of one of the London theatres wrote the other day to the head of the accountant's department that he wanted first thing next morning a full list of the staff of the theatre. Originally he wrote "your theatre," but this he altered to "the theatre." He is known to be a man of calculated subtlety, and I heard it argued whether or not the correction, made with pointed obviousness, had intent behind it—an intent meant to wound.

Another well-known manager overheard the discussion, and with a laugh told how in his younger days he one day went into the room of his chief, a celebrated figure in the theatrical world, and found him penning a letter in which every other passage seemed to be crossed out. "You see," explained his chief, "I am writing a long letter to a man I dislike very much; and it is a most difficult letter, because I want to let him know some of the things that are in my mind; but if I write them down they may be regarded as libellous. So, having written them down, I cross them out; but I am leaving the letter so that he can read what it is that I have crossed out."



THE LELY WHICH HAS COME TO LIFE AT THE GAIETY: SIR PETER LELY'S PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYNNE.

Sir Peter Lely, the famous Dutch painter who came to England in the train of William of Orange, is the artist most closely associated with the Restoration period. His set of Windsor Beauties, now at Hampton Court, pictures the Court ladies who charmed the Merry Monarch; and his painting of Nell Gwynne, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, is the best known representation of the famous favourite. Miss José Collins has therefore chosen this picture as the model for her make-up in "Our Nell," at the Gaiety, and "Sketch" readers will be interested to see how closely Miss Collins resembles the portrait which we reproduce above.

Walton Heath golf course, and came then to a road from Tadworth Station that linked up with Epsom Lane. That saw the end of our hopes of seeing the Derby of 1924. I believe we did move a hundred yards in two hours, and certainly by 3 p.m. we had advanced under the railway arch up towards the Downs.

Out of It. We saw some enthusiasts leave their cars and plug through the rain and the slush towards the

A FAVOURITE GOLFING RESORT ACROSS



Mrs. Agnew & Mrs. Stanley Smith.



Mr. and Mrs. Martin Vesey Holt.



*Mr. N. Bas do.
Mrs. G. Goughumor,
& Pibe the Alsai.*



Mr. and Mrs. Basil Dent.



Miss Hawkes, Miss Rim & Mr. Rim, & Mr. Keith (l).



Mrs. Kenneth Milln.

WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES SPENT HIS WHITSUN HOLIDAY:

Le Touquet has for some time been a favourite resort of well-known folk who enjoy golf and lawn-tennis, and are not averse from a mild gamble; and the fact that the Prince of Wales is fond of the place, and constantly runs over for a day or two when the opportunity presents itself, has added to its popularity. Whitsuntide saw his Royal Highness among the Le Touquet visitors, and there were many social celebrities to be noted on the course and lawn-tennis courts there last week. Our pages show some snapshots which prove this statement. Lady Headfort is the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, SPECIALLY

THE CHANNEL: LE TOUQUET PICTURES.



The Marchioness of Headfort.



Mlle. de Jumilhac & the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald.



The Earl of Dudley & Lady Alexandra Curzon.



Capt. & Mrs. Marshall Roberts.



Mrs. Culbert Palmer & Lady Palmer.



Mr. and Mrs. de Trafford.

SNAPSHOTS FROM A WELL-KNOWN PLAYGROUND OF SOCIETY.

wife of the fourth Marquess, and is fond of all outdoor sports.—Captain Marshall Roberts was formerly Master of the South Notts, and is going to the Belvoir next season. Mrs. Marshall Roberts was formerly Miss Glen Oldham.—Lady Alexandra Curzon is the youngest daughter of Marquess Curzon of Kedleston.—The Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald is the youngest son of the late Lord Fitzgerald.—The Earl of Dudley, who recently married Miss Gertie Millar, is the second Earl.

Dog Etchings: Second Series. No. IV.—Dog Verses. No. XIII.



WELCOME HOME.

HURRY up, McGregor; come, Sandy, you'll be late;
 Ailsa, mind, you're not to run outside the garden gate;
 Now then, silly Andrew, that buzzy thing's a bee;
 Frightened? I'm ashamed of you, please keep quite close to me;
 Peter, do you hear me? Stop playing with that snail;
 Don't be nervous, Flora dear. Oh, please don't droop your tail!
 Hullo, here is Master—come on now—all of you
 Say, "We're glad to see you back! Bow-wow! How do you do!"

JOE WALKER.

All lovers of dogs will have been interested by the delightful etchings by Miss Marguerite Kirmse which have recently been appearing in "The Sketch," accompanied by specially written dog verses composed

by Mr. Joe Walker. Some little time ago we completed our first series of these Doggy Etchings, and are now publishing a second set of them, of which the above is the fourth.

FROM THE ETCHING BY MARGUERITE KIRMSE.

Watching the Princes at Polo: Their Majesties at Aldershot.



A GROUP AT THE ROYAL PAVILION: THE KING AND QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, MR. STEPHEN WALSH, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR (NEXT TO HER MAJESTY), THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF MINTO, SIR DEREK KEPPEL, GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, ETC.



THEIR MAJESTIES WATCH THE POLO MATCH BETWEEN THEIR TWO SONS' REGIMENTS: THE KING, SHAKING HANDS WITH A PLAYER; THE PRINCE OF WALES (LEFT); AND PRINCE HENRY (FACING CAMERA).

The annual visit of the King and Queen to the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, was, as usual, the occasion of a review of the troops at Aldershot, at Laffan's Plain, after which their Majesties attended a polo match between the Welsh Guards and the 10th Hussars—the respective regiments of the



HER MAJESTY DISCUSSING THE GAME WITH HER ELDEST SON: THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER THE MATCH BETWEEN THE WELSH GUARDS AND THE 10TH HUSSARS.

Prince of Wales and of Prince Henry, each of whom played for his own side, the result being a win for the 10th Hussars. The group, which was taken at the Royal Pavilion, shows Mr. Stephen Walsh, the first Labour Secretary of State for War, seated next to her Majesty the Queen.

Photographs by C.N.

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE "Gipsy" encampment at Stamford Hill, though deluged by the downpour on Derby Day, was little perturbed by the consequent loss of play-time, and, when tents were struck on Saturday, everything that really mattered had been brought to a definite conclusion. Appropriately enough, the Gipsy Club's twenty-seventh annual tournament attracted quite a number of dark-complexioned entrants.

Of these, Okamoto, the Japanese, and Hooi-Hye, of Chinese birth, came through to the semi-final of the Open Singles. Okamoto had done this before—the previous week at Chiswick—there to be barred from further advance by the powerful left-hand drives of Louis Raymond. It was Kingscote who stopped him reaching the final at Stamford Hill. But the Japanese will never be stopped from smiling, be he outplayed ever so badly. One might as well attempt to hold up that persistent pedestrian, Felix. Hooi-Hye made his debut as a semi-finalist at this meeting. But here the wit and experience of F. M. B. Fisher proved too much for him, and the appearance of this strangely distinctive name in the final bracket has been indefinitely postponed. Talking of Hooi-Hye, somebody tried to persuade me that this was a pseudonym, and that it was the cry of the Ping-Yang bird, uttered when its nest (one of the choicest dishes on the Chinese menu) was being ruthlessly captured by the cook. Personally, I don't believe it.

The final between Kingscote and Fisher provided a match of interest, because of the two different schools which the competitors represented. It was a case of the modern and orthodox game against that of a player of long experience, equipped with a knowledge of the game unequalled by any living exponent. Fisher has a variety of stroke-production which, combined with a familiarity with angles, always makes him a formidable adversary. But Kingscote is exceptionally strong in that valuable quality, anticipation; he is there for the drop-shot in a flash. There was one, however, which beat him completely, as it would have beaten anybody. He was there for it; but it was not there for him! Fisher had imparted such tremendous back-spin to the ball that when Kingscote attempted to return it, it broke back several yards, over the net, quite out of his reach.

Fisher is the only man living who can impart such a magic touch to the ball that it acquires the qualities of the boomerang, and returns to him who directs it. Perhaps this is just as well. If ever a player should come along who could play such a shot at will, the game would be reduced to a farce.

Kingscote (who won 6-2, 6-4, 6-1)

was playing in quite the best form he has yet shown. Only in the second set did Fisher ever lead him, and that with a menace which, at one time (at 4-2), looked serious. Kingscote then reasserted himself and won the next four games. He must, however, watch his right foot when serving. I say this with true philanthropic motives, and with the prospect of his appearance in the centre court at Wimbledon so close at hand.

Miss Ryan again came through the Ladies' Open Singles with triumphant ease—beating

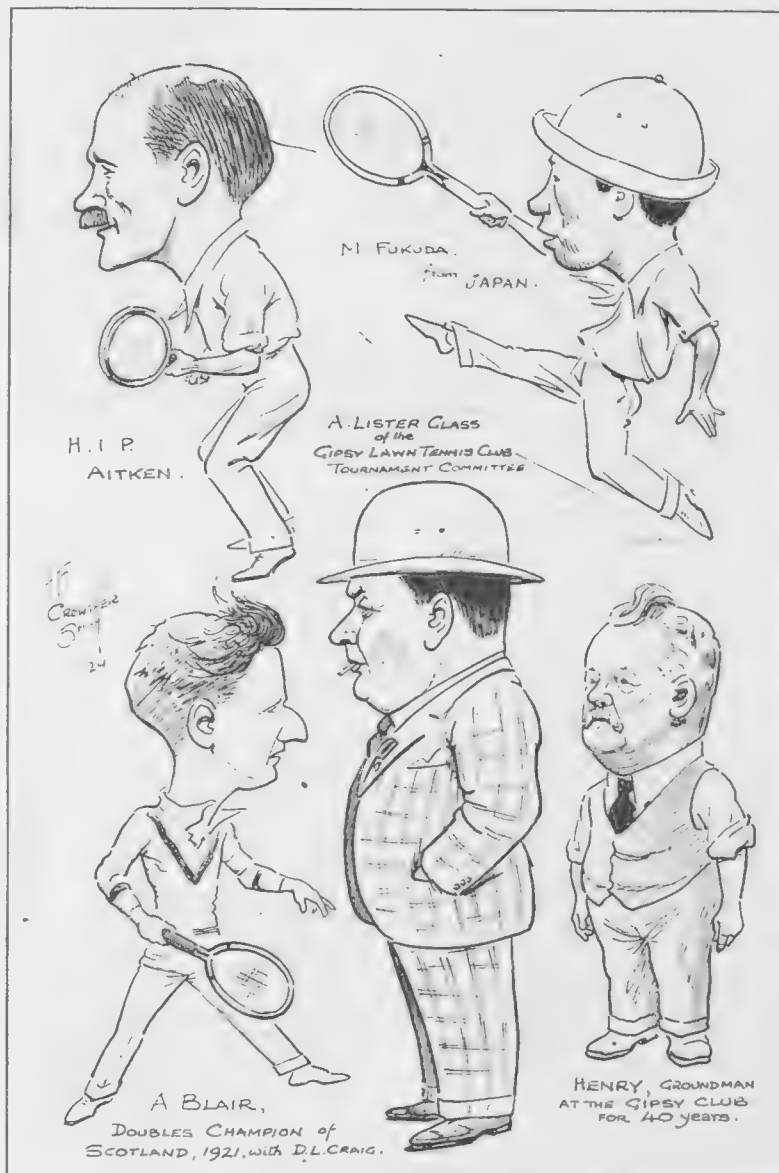
honours at the Gipsy Club, in partnership with Fisher, he must needs go and score another success in the Men's Doubles. The match ran into five sets, and though Roper Barrett actually scored the match-winning point, the greater measure of credit for the victory belonged to Fisher. It was with beautifully judged lobs that the latter harassed the younger men, Sherwell and Crole-Rees, again and again; and puzzled them so with his varied stock of services that more than once these games were won to love.

The trouble caused by lack of umpires and linesmen at tournaments does not seem to be nearer a remedy; and the work of the management, in consequence, is not lightened. It is difficult enough to persuade one individual to occupy the chair as umpire, and, therefore, almost useless to attempt to get three or four linesmen as well. So one only sees the latter type of umpire in finals. Obviously, fair decisions are as important to competitors in the first round as in the last. *Vide* Wimbledon centre court, daily, throughout the championships.

But there are two outstanding gentlemen who have attained to fame as umpires, and earned the gratitude of thousands of competitors. I fancy I can detect a delightful rivalry between them for the premier honours in this capacity. I need hardly say that I am not suggesting that they are in any competition for umpire's prizes. That is not what I mean at all. There is a wholesome sense of pride in their office, and each is a little apt to be jealous when an important match, that one had set his heart on, is given to the other. I think it better to treat this matter quite impersonally. So we will call them A and B. Competitors and spectators who attend the numerous tournaments around London will be able to identify them. A is tall, and, in his desire to see every portion of the whiting, is wont to stand. B remains seated. Both have wonderfully clear enunciation. It is really a very close thing as to which is the easier to hear when the score

is announced. But in the matter of calling a "fault," B wins easily. It rings out like the "Halt!" of the leader of a charge of cavalry. Such rivalry is excellent. Would that there were more people who thus desired to outrival their fellows as lawn-tennis umpires.

It is welcome news to hear that Suzanne is, after all, to play at Wimbledon. She has entered for the Singles and Ladies' Doubles, and, if well enough (she has been quite ill), will play in both. There is a chance, therefore, that we shall see the match which should prove of exceptional interest—if they meet—Suzanne Lenglen *v.* Helen Wills.



Mrs. Covell in the final 6-2, 6-2. I have never seen her play better. So persistently did she plant her sliced drives down into her opponent's back-hand corner that Mrs. Covell might have almost pitched her tent there permanently. Instead, she was beaten by the shot repeatedly, never seeming to be quite quick enough to get to it so that she could deal adequately with its difficult and dangerous qualities. With Norman Brookes, and Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss Ryan also won the Mixed and Ladies' Doubles respectively.

As if the name of H. Roper Barrett was not already inscribed enough on the list of

How to Sun-bathe with Propriety: "Backless" Swimmers.



SUN-BATHING AT POURVILLE: THE NEW BACKLESS BATHING-SUIT.



WITH THE LARGEST POSSIBLE AREA EXPOSED TO THE HEALING SUN: BATHING SUITS DESIGNED FOR BARKERISED SUN-BATHING.



ON THE PLAGE AT POURVILLE: A FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW SUN-BATHING SWIMMING-SUIT.

Sun-bathing as recommended by Sir Herbert Barker may be a difficult health exercise to indulge in, but the above photographs show a solution which has been found by a designer of bathing-dresses, for in the suits shown in our pictures a very considerable area of skin is exposed to the health-giving rays of the sun, while even the most severe critic could not raise a protest on the score of propriety. These new backless suits were seen recently on the plage of Pourville, the delightful French seaside resort—where, by the way, the sun actually did shine last week!

Photographs by S. and G.

TALES WITH A STING

AT THE LITTLE HOT DOG.

XII.—THE ESCAPE OF VERONICA AND THE HUNGARIAN DANCER.

By G. B. STERN AND GEOFFREY HOLDSWORTH.

VERONICA found Danilo extremely amusing. His real name was Miklos Teleki, for he was a Hungarian, but Veronica called him Danilo, because he contrived to give the air that his life was spent in "going to Maxim's." He had a fascinating, wide-mouthed grin, and he tangoed perfectly, so that it was with extreme pleasure that Veronica saw him one night at the entrance of their box, bowing to Franz and begging the highly born Fräulein to honour him with a dance. And what a dance it was! Veronica compared it afterwards to a perfect *mousse* or a bottle of Clos Veugeot.

After that he became a frequent visitor at the box that Veronica and Franz always occupied at the Little Hot Dog, and his heart bled freely as he sipped champagne. Danilo's heart bled at the slightest provocation. You had only to mention Hungary or Transylvania, and you could almost hear it drip.

He was late in arriving one night, and when he did come he brought a friend. "Paul Vranja, who is to dance here with his partner Yvotte for a fortnight, and who craves the honour of the acquaintance of the so beautiful, so charming, so the-heart-quickly-to-beat-making English *miladi*."

Paul was quieter than Danilo, better-looking, but not so fascinating, and with more control over his blood-supply. He was full of the "Shimmy Eccentrique" he was to dance with his partner on the following night, and offered to show it to Veronica in the passage. It certainly was "eccentrique." At one point, she had to leap in the air, to be caught by him and whirled above his head. But Niki was still young enough to think this tremendous fun; and Paul told her that, whereas Yvotte danced with her feet, Veronica possessed that far greater gift of dancing with her heart.

The following night Danilo was soon round at the box which Veronica had come to look on as her own. He was grievously troubled at the misfortune that had befallen his friend Paul. For, on the first night of his engagement, an engagement which Danilo assured them would make all the difference to his future career, his partner must needs sprain an ankle.

"So he will have to give a solo dance," said Danilo, "and his solo dancing is not as good as his shimmy. I suggested to Nadine that she should take Yvotte's place. But she hates Yvotte, and is openly glad that she cannot appear to-night. My heart bleeds," said Danilo, getting really worked up, "that artists should not stand by each other; but what can you expect of a Croatian?"

"This sagacious child learnt the shimmy last night from your friend," mused Veronica, and said no more; but Franz, who was beginning to know his Niki, shook his head at her.

"Don't forget, my dear, that I shall have to answer for you to your parents one of these days."

"That decides it," said Veronica. "I'll go and change at once, if Paul will have me." As she rose to go, Danilo very extravagantly, albeit reverently, kissed her slipped foot,

and whispered that she was indeed a real artist. "My heart bleeds—" But Niki had gone.

Paul's turn was fairly late in the evening, and the Little Hot Dog was full. He and Veronica were both dressed as Pierrots, he white, she black. The costume suited his tall figure to perfection. There was a burst of applause as they ran down the staircase together, for Paul had something of a reputation as a dancer. The audience had reached the hilarious stage; they were pelting each other with little papier-mâché balls, and gaudy-coloured streamers hung in festoons from box to box.

The lights were quenched. Only a wheeling limelight cast grotesque shadows that danced and flickered and made the room seem twice its normal size. Niki felt rather small and afraid. Her heart was beating fast. "Courage, little one!" smiled Paul. And the music began.

Sharply silhouetted in the bright light and the huge black shadows, they looked like figures on a Kay Nielssen frieze. Quietly at first—Niki with face turned upwards to an imaginary moon, her knees sagging a little. She had caught the perfect Pierrot attitude—wistful, forlorn, yet not quite real.

Paul leapt away from her. There was a wail from the saxophone, and Niki sank to her knees, the limelight full on her. Then she rose, and moved towards Paul, circling in the shadows; yearning a little, begging him to come back. "Won't you play with me, Pierrot? Just for a little while—till moonset?" With a crash of chords he sprang to meet her, and they whirled wildly down the room, crouched, bent-kneed. Then, with a laugh, his body tautened like a bow-string, and he tossed Veronica above his head, caught her, held her there for an instant—then she was down, poised for an instant, and flickered away from him. She danced along the side of the room, past the shadowy boxes, heard a horrified "Veronica!" from the gloom. Who could it be? Not Franz. He was on the other side.

When the lights went up, and she and Paul stood bowing to the tumult of applause, she saw, in a box, almost directly opposite Franz, her father and mother. Their faces looked mottled with shocked indignation. A desperate look round for her official guardian revealed Franz in his box, taking his responsibilities lightly. He was, in fact, entertaining a select party, consisting of Nadine, Silky Foot, and the Blue Girl, the last standing on the table, clapping vigorously. Bela, unfortunately, was not there that night.

Danilo, with his marvellous faculty for letting his heart govern his head, now rushed forward to the black and white Pierrots in the centre of the room, and publicly embracing Veronica, thanked her in the name of Art, the Little Hot Dog, and the Cause of Hungary for what she had done that night, apparently in support of all three. The spectators cheered lustily, the orchestra played "Hoch soll Sie leben" in her honour, and Veronica wondered whether that cold, clammy crawl down her spine was a sign that she had been stricken by some mortal disease, or merely guilt!

"Und—drei—mal—Hoch!"

"And now I'm in for it!" Without waiting to change out of her Pierrot costume she marched defiantly up the corridor, and to the Box of Judgment—

"Darling—angel mummy, how glad I am to see you and daddy safely here. But how could you leave this child all this time alone and stranded in Vienna. Why—anything might have happened to me! One can be thankful," continued to-night's darling, who believed in the method of carrying the war into the enemy's country, "that I've been so quite all right!"

Darling—angel mummy sat bolt upright, with a glazed expression, hands tightly folded to control their shudders, and eyes half-closed, as though what they had seen when open had been too awful for her ever to open them fully again. "Disgusting!" she murmured—and congealed once more.

"I'm glad you've been so quite all right," Veronica's father repeated sardonically. He was a fine-looking man of about fifty, of the stern British military type. "That a daughter of mine—"

"Oh, I knew there was going to be a lot of daughter-of-mine-ing lugged into it!" sighed Niki.

"We can't discuss it here. Come home at once." Colonel Murray had a horror of dirty washing in public. And Niki was undoubtedly conspicuous, in her fantastic kit.

"How did you know I was here?"

"They told us at the Excelsior that you had gone to stay with some strangers you had picked up, in Rathausstrasse 47. And there the butler suggested we might find you here—a low cabaret—I could hardly believe it—but—"

"Dancing," moaned Mrs. Murray. "In that awful dress—and that man daring to kiss you—and everyone daring to look on. . . ."

"Darling—angel, you could hardly expect them all to look the other way while we were dancing, could you?"

"Disgusting!" moaned Mrs. Murray. And her husband said sharply: "Don't be impertinent, Veronica! This is going to make a lot of difference to your future liberty, let me tell you. May I ask why you came to Vienna at all before to-day?"

"To meet you, daddy dear"—in accents of submissive reproach.

"When we wrote to you that we were stopping on another fortnight in Rome, to nurse your uncle Charles through his attack of fever?"

"I never got that letter! But I'm not blaming you for what was just an accident, darling—angel daddy. All along, I said to myself: 'They don't mean to leave me stranded here, the lambs. It'll be all right if I just wait quietly in Vienna—'"

"It's your method of waiting quietly that we object to. Come along, Veronica, fetch your cloak—we're going."

"Not without saying good-night to Franz," cried the girl.

"Franz? Who's Franz?"

"Oh, not a lover!"—reassuringly. "Franz is my guardian angel—and my chaperon. And—well, a sort of uncle. He's—he's very respectable, daddy—and awfully elderly."

"Where is he?"—just a faint relief in

[Continued on page xxx.]



PIXIE.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY G. L. STAMPA.





THE TRAPPERS.

THE PICTURE BY CHARLES ROBINSON.



FAIRY FROLIC.

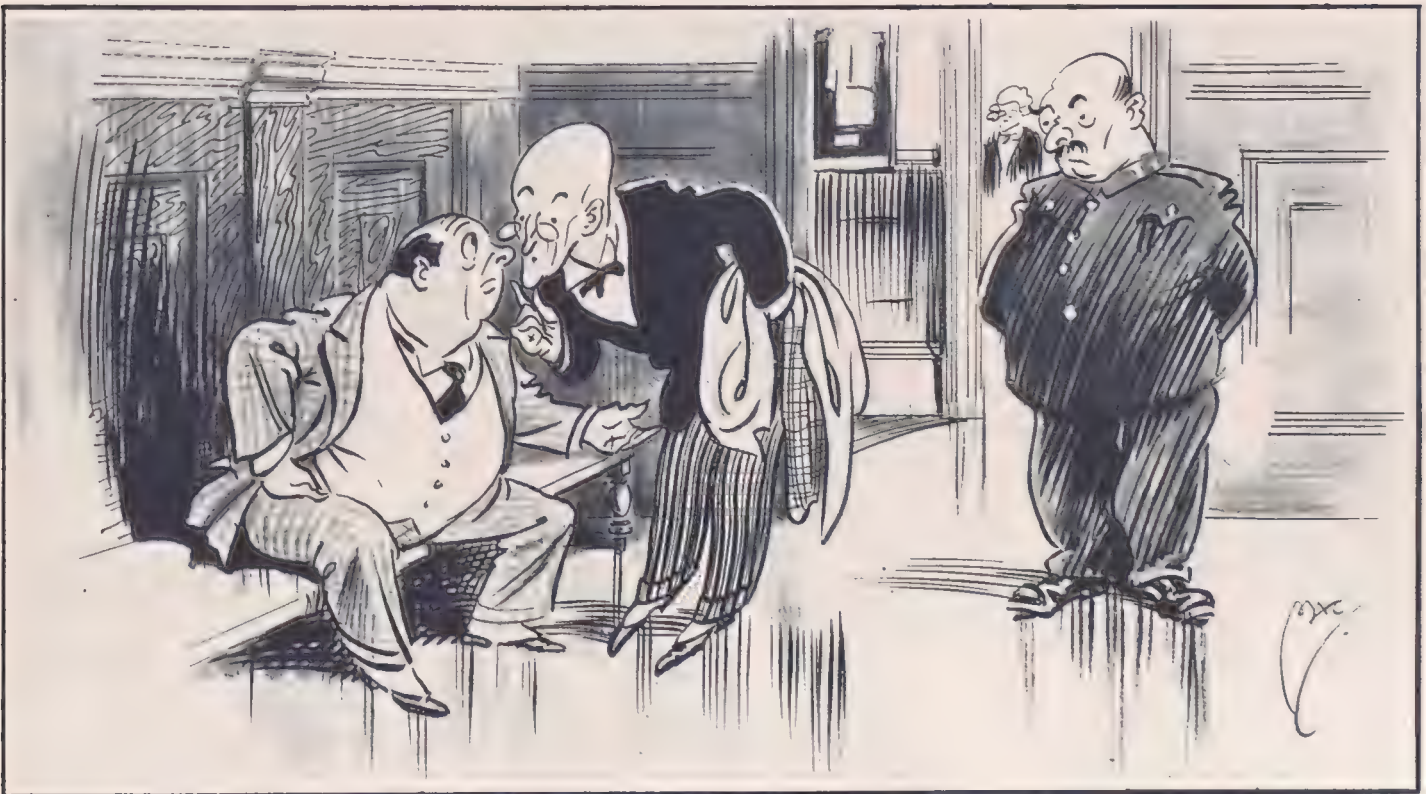
AFTER THE PICTURE BY G. L. STAMPA.

Stumped!



"Daddy, is that what they call an underhand bowler?"

DRAWN BY FIELD SMITH.



THE ACCUSED: But I'd sooner tell my own story. It sounds so much more convincing.

HIS SOLICITOR: That's just why your version won't do: it carries conviction with it!

DRAWN BY MAC.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"LONDON LIFE," AT DRURY LANE.

AFTER all, he came to his homely Bursley wife, who waited patiently for him playing patience. He had done great things when Bursley of the Five Towns had become too small for him, the young country solicitor. He had bought a partnership in a big firm; he had gone in for politics and grown a coming man; he had, by the aid of a Jewish financier (in name a friend, really an enemy lying in ambush to avenge a former adjustment of "unconscionable" interest) become a leader of a newspaper and (unwisely) owner of promising coal shares; he had found an Egeria, wealthy and seductive, who worked him into the Colonial Secretaryship; he had told her on the evening of that auspicious happening that he loved and wanted her; he had refused the hand of his daughter to a Lord, who demanded the price for his secrecy on the coal-shares affair; he had, in fear of scandal, tendered his resignation. And now he came home a little crestfallen and humble. But the lure of London and power held him still, and so he accepted the vacant candidature of Bursley, to start again on the uphill grade.

It was an interesting story; it began in the Bursley office in the approved Arnold Bennett manner, and, but for a good deal of superfluous talk, mainly abstruse politics, it rose to some Drury Lane climaxes with scenery to match—a splendid vision of the House of Commons Terrace, flanked by a rather puny side view of Westminster Bridge and St. Thomas's; and a fairy-like nocturnal garden-party with a futile little ballet, yet beautifully produced.

At one point we hoped for a play far above the quality of the autumnal Drury Lane drama. We hoped that the Egeria, so simply and attractively played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, would have remained the spiritual influence of the hero; that for once there would be no triangular complication. But that was not to be. "Here's melodrama," we said, when she sent the servants away after her party, told him of his appointment in the Cabinet, and he promptly declared his love, forgetting home and wife. He had seemed so perfectly happy and such a good husband. Now that illusion was spoilt, and so, on that evening when he rose to the pinnacle of London life, he lost his character and some of our sympathy. What promised to be ideal became banal. There are other aspects of the play open to criticism: the play is called "London Life," but we see only an angle of it, and that is of lesser interest to the majority. Politics on the stage are, like finance, rarely fascinating to our public. And as the politics in this case were not very fresh (in fact, a jumble of odds and ends of character and real events), and fantastic beyond plausibility, there was much dead-weight in the action.

There were few of the "punches" which, under Mr. Collins's regime, rendered a *première* at Drury Lane full of excitement. In phases "London Life" is more psychologically defensible than its predecessors; on the whole, it remains the old material expressed in a more natural parlance. Nor is there as yet any great difference in the manner of production. So far, Mr. Dean excels in the creation of interiors—his offices, salons, libraries are of rare taste and intimacy. The spectacular scenes are much the same as before; only the Terrace scene suffered from a lack of life—the bustling hand of Arthur Collins would have galvanised it into animation.

The outstanding feature of the evening was the splendid performance of Mr. Henry Ainley—a juvenile once more, full of spirit and magnetism. He acted the part of the hero with unflinching zest and conviction. His voice sounded like a clarion; one felt that spirit, ambition, love of life were seething in him. From first to last he remained every inch a man—he was grand even in the hour of discomfiture. Mr. Frank Cochrane as the Jewish financier, knighted for services rendered (no doubt), was characteristic, but a little too undistinguished for a man rubbing shoulders with Society and politics. The same applies to Miss

Olive Sloane, exuberant, natural, kind-hearted as the chorus girl risen to the stars; but surely in 1924 such *arrivistes* on the stage are keen to forget the lower depth of their origin and beginnings. Miss Kate Phillips, delightful veteran, illuminated her short scenes by the personality and manners of a great lady. Miss Mary Jerrold was the *bourgeoise* wife of the coming man in real simplicity and cosiness of motherly ways. Miss Helen Spencer was vivaciously, but somewhat aggressively, the precocious girl of 1924; and lesser parts were in the safe hands of Mr. J. H. Roberts, Mr. Graham Browne, Mr. Edmund Breon, and a host of others well fitted to the ensemble. As a link between the old regime and the new, "London Life" was a fair start. Now we are waiting for developments to come.

J. T. G.



THE RAT AND HIS LILY: MR. IVOR NOVELLO (PART-AUTHOR OF THE PLAY) AND MISS ISABEL JEANS IN THE NEW PRODUCTION AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Mr. Ivor Novello, the well-known actor, film star, and musician, plays the leading rôle in "The Rat," at the Prince of Wales's. The name of the author of the play is given as David L'Estrange, but this *nom de guerre* conceals the identity of Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Constance Collier, who have collaborated in writing it. Miss Isabel Jeans plays opposite to Mr. Ivor Novello, and the drama is one of Montmartre and Apache life.

Photograph by Reville Studios.

II.

"THE MASK AND THE FACE," AT THE CRITERION.

IF the Criterion audiences take as kindly to this clever little comedy as the gourmets of Everyman, it will be a great success. And it deserves it, for it is, if artificial, very witty in parts, and in the last act uproariously funny. Yet I say "if," for on the day when I saw the play the audience seemed pleased but puzzled, and their applause was a distinct tribute to the actors, not to the play. Indeed, after two

acts there were but lukewarm "curtains," and mild laughter throughout. It was in the last part that there was that indefinable inter-communion between audience and players which signifies mutual enjoyment. The third act is splendidly grotesque: the gathering of the would-be mourners, with their sly allusions to worldly things despite their outward sorrow, is such delicious satire as one finds in the pages of Boccaccio. Indeed, when one comes to think of it—and it will explain why I began with an "if"—it is a pity that Chiarelli did not locate his play in the mediæval period. In conception, in construction, in trend of thought, it is not a modern comedy. It masquerades as such; really it plays to the Boccaccio period; there is only one difference—absence of salaciousness—and this may have been skillfully eschewed by the adaptor, Mr. Fernald. As a picture of Italian life of the poetic past, it would be more effective than in modern surroundings and attire. In its present form it seems an incredible story—the police would have interfered with the machinations of the husband who "killed" his wife and made the world believe that her body would be found at the bottom of the lake. There is hue and cry these days when people vanish. It was otherwise in the dim and distant past. The very plot indicates that the comedy was conceived in the romantic spirit of pristine times. And the same could be easily proved of the characters.

However, the artists did their best to modernise their parts. Mr. Frank Cellier—a little less mystic than Mr. Franklin Dyall—played the husband with a fine sense of humour. He was especially good in the scenes where man's conceit was now fanned, now disgruntled, by woman's wiles. And Miss Athene Seyler, the *fine mouche* who played the game of conquest, made the wife so alluring, so delightfully natural, so exquisitely comic with apparently serious mien, yet a merry twinkle in her eye, that we were wholly fascinated by her personality and her art. Her Savina Grazia is the perfection of comedy.

J. T. G.

III.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE" REVIVED, AT THE HAYMARKET.

WHEN we recall Henry Ainley and Wish Wynne, we think of a pastel; the present revival by Leslie Faber and Hilda Trevelyan will be remembered as an etching. The difference is great, but the comparison not unpleasing. Both interpretations are distinct artistic values. The method has changed, the material remains untouched. But for the diffusion of the last act, Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure" stands out as a model of subtle comedy, and the acting at the Haymarket gives unalloyed pleasure. Even the smallest parts were cast in the right mould.

Mr. Leslie Faber, more deliberate, more of this earth than Mr. Henry Ainley, amalgamated insouciance with a certain grandness of manner. He was vague in his ways and decisive in his actions. One felt it; this great artist was satiated with the glamour of the world and its humbug, found peace in the cosy home of the commonplace, commonsense little woman who became his mate. Yet artist he remained in his soul, and so the spirit survived, while the body, as far as the world knew, was buried in the Abbey. An arresting figure withal in its semi-detachment from his surroundings. Miss Hilda Trevelyan by his side was a foil and a contrast. Like the little woman in Barrie's famous play, she knew how to handle her man. His greatness did not matter to her, for his pictures she had no soul; to her he was Mr. Cabe, to be mothered with a keen eye to the material side of life. She was as lively as a squirrel, as wise as an ant, and as purring cosy as a pussycat. So long as he was in clover she was happy. Thus these twain were a perfect match: of the artistic temperament, and such qualities of head and heart that make a lovable woman. To them and to the author we owed a joyful evening.

J. T. G.

Plays of the Moment: No. XXVI. "The Mask and the Face."



THE HEAVILY VEILED GUEST ATTENDS THE FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED COUNTESS: COUNT GRAZIA (FRANK CELLIER), DELIA (HOPE TILDEN), ALMAIRE (IVAN SAMSON), COUNTESS GRAZIA (ATHENE SEYLER), WANDA (JANE GRAHAM), ZANOTTI (BREMBER WILLS), NINA (JOAN HAY), AND PRAGA (GEORGE MERRITT), LEFT TO RIGHT.



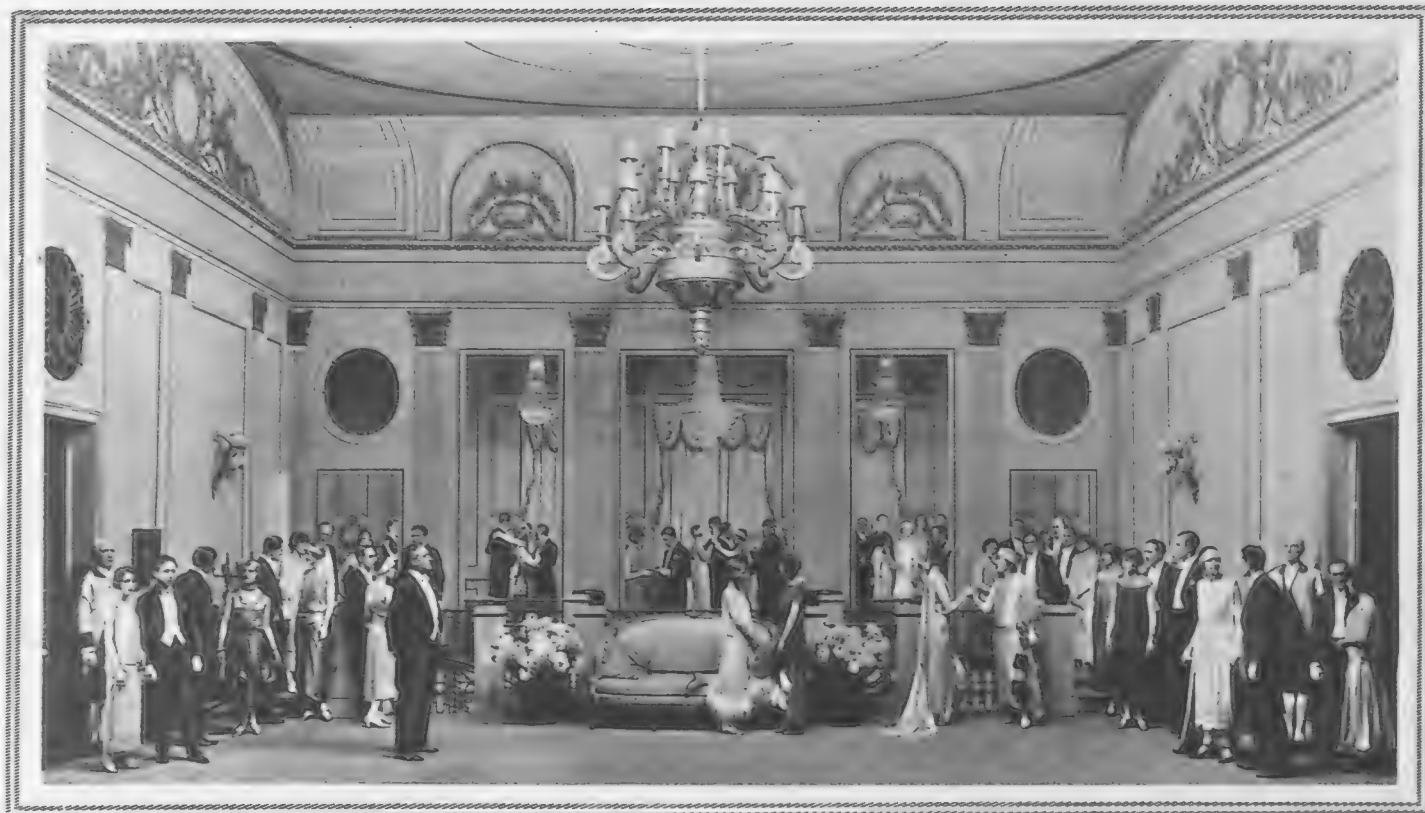
THE REVELATION AT THE FUNERAL OF THE "MURDERED" COUNTESS: THE VEILED GUEST PROVES TO BE SAVINA GRAZIA HERSELF—THE SUPPOSED CORPSE: MISS ATHENE SEYLER (CENTRE) AND THE HORRIFIED FUNERAL GUESTS.



THE FAITHLESS WIFE WHOSE HUSBAND "MURDERED" HER:
MISS ATHENE SEYLER AS SAVINA GRAZIA.

"The Mask and the Face," freely adapted by C. B. Fernald from the Italian of Luigi Chiarelli, and recently produced at the Criterion after having been originally seen at the Everyman, is one of the most witty and entertaining of farces. Grazia has always said that if a husband be deceived, he must punish his wife by death. He imagines Savina to have been faithless, and therefore announces that he has murdered her, is tried and sentenced, but finally rejoins his friends as a hero. He is persuaded that decent burial should be given to the "corpse," and so arranges a funeral; but, unfortunately, his severity is only a mask. He has not killed Savina, but sent her to England. She appears at her own funeral, first as a veiled guest and then as herself, and reveals the absurd truth.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



1. "LONDON LIFE" AT DRURY LANE: THE PROVINCIALS IN THE VORTEX—SIMON BLACKSHAW (MR. HENRY AINLEY) (LEFT) AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY MRS. OPPLETREE (MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE).
2. THE POLITICAL SENSATION ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE: THE DISCOMFITURE OF BLACKSHAW (MR. AINLEY) (CENTRE) WATCHED BY NATHAN (MR. FRANK COCHRANE) AND MRS. OPPLETREE (MISS BRAITHWAITE).

The drama of "London Life," the new play by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Edward Knoblock, recently produced at Drury Lane, opens in the Five Towns, and shows the decision of Simon Blackshaw

to come to London, while in the early part of the play we are also introduced to Howard Nathan, another adventurous provincial. The scene now moves to London, and Blackshaw is shown enmeshed

[Continued opposite.]



1. "LONDON LIFE" AT DRURY LANE: BEFORE THE MIGRATION TO LONDON—HOWARD NATHAN (MR. FRANK COCHRANE) PULLING OFF A DEAL IN THE COURTYARD OF THE WHITE HORSE INN, IPSWICH.

2. THE WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE GARDENS OF SIR HOWARD NATHAN'S HOUSE AT COOMBE: THE BALLET OF PIERROT, COLUMBINE, AND HARLEQUIN.

Continued.

in political and amorous intrigues. He meets disaster in both his adventures of the head and heart and is, apparently, a broken man,

but decides to return to the political arena as the Member for his own town, but to leave the wider fields of political intrigue alone.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

Pirandello's "Henry IV." Produced by Undergraduates.



THE MOCK COURT OF HENRY IV.: LANDOLPH (G. F. A. BURGESS), HENRY IV. (D. D. ARUNDELL), THE DOCTOR AS HUGH OF CLUNY (D. E. BEVES), BERTHOLD (E. V. REYNOLDS), MATILDA AS ADELAIDE THE QUEEN MOTHER (C. W. H. BEATON), ORDOLPH (D. S. HUNT), AND HAROLD (W. MILNER-BARRY.)



BESIDE THE PORTRAIT OF HER MOTHER AS MATILDA OF TUSCANY: FRIDA (W. D. A. WILLIAMS).



THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE PIRANDELLO PLAY: MR. D. D. ARUNDELL AS HENRY IV.



THE MARCHIONESS MATILDA SPINA—THE ORIGINAL MATILDA OF THE PAGEANT: MR. C. W. H. BEATON.

The Amateur Dramatic Club at Cambridge produced "Henry IV.," by Luigi Pirandello, for the first time in this country. The leading character is supposed to have taken the rôle of Henry IV. in a pageant twenty years before the opening of the play, and lost his reason. He imagines himself to be the Emperor Henry IV. (1050-1106), and his relatives pander to his delusion and keep a miniature Court. For the past eight

years Henry has been sane, but as he enjoys his Court, has pretended madness. A doctor imagines that if his former love, Matilda (now the widowed Marchioness Matilda Spina and mother of Frida), is impersonated by her daughter, and made to appear first as a picture, and then come to life, Henry IV. will recover his sanity. The experiment has the opposite effect, and sends him mad again.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

Beauties of "Bumps": "Ladies" of the Footlights Club.



POSED GRACEFULLY: MR. D. F. CARY
AS CLARISSA.



WEARING ONE OF THE HEAD-BANDS OF THE
MOMENT: MR. G. S. ALCOCK AS PAULA.



SHOWING THE LARGE PICTURE HAT OF TO-DAY:
MR. D. F. CARY AS JANET.



IN A WEDDING GOWN OF LACE: MR. D. F. CARY
AS THE BRIDE.

The Footlights Dramatic Club production for this year, at the New Theatre, Cambridge, is an original revue written by members of the Club, and entitled "Bumps." It is an excellent entertainment, and is not nearly so local in its humour as some of its twenty-four predecessors, while the "ladies" of the cast, who include a most

attractive beauty chorus, are a really elegant "bunch," some of whom are shown in our photographs. One feels certain that, at first sight, no reader will observe that these charming "ladies" are really members of the sterner sex, for at Cambridge men undergraduates always play the women's parts.—[Photographs by Scott and Wilkinson.]

From the Prince to Piava: The Transformations of Yvonne.

AS ONE OF THE DOLLY
SISTERS.



AS LA PIAVA.



"LE PLUS SYMPATHIQUE DES PRINCES": MME. YVONNE PRINTEMPS
AS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AS GIGOLETTE.



AS DIANE DE POITIERS.



AS THE FAMOUS DISEUSE, MME. YVETTE GUILBERT:
MME. YVONNE PRINTEMPS.



The transformations of Sacha Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, are among the most amusing scenes of their witty "Revue du Printemps," at the Théâtre de l'Étoile, Paris, and the enchanting Yvonne's quick-change appearances have roused tremendous enthusiasm. She appears as the Prince of Wales (whose English pet name of "The Most Popular Young Man in the World" becomes "Le Plus Sympathique des Princes"

in Paris) in Naval uniform; as Yvette Guilbert, the famous diseuse, whose long black gloves and green dress are classic; as a dazzling Diane de Poitiers; in a very close imitation of one of the Dolly Sisters; as Gigolette, the love of an Apache; and as La Piava, with all the exquisite grace that Winterhalter loved to paint, and which Offenbach sought for in the artists who interpreted him.—[Photographs by Walery.]

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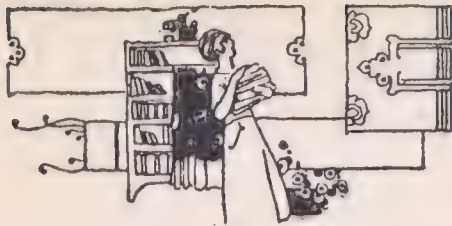


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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"The Authors' Thames."

Mr. Gordon S. Maxwell, the author of this very attractive book, wanted a volume on the Literature of the Thames Valley. But he could not find what he wanted, so, like a wise and courageous man, he sat down and wrote one himself.

It was a good idea. There is always a fascination for Englishmen about the Thames, and when our beloved river is associated with the names of our beloved authors, who will be able to resist? More than that, Mr. Maxwell's book has been most gracefully and charmingly illustrated by Mrs. Maxwell, his mother. These little drawings are not only the very thing to make the work complete; they are also delightful in themselves.

When you read this book, as read it you must, you will be struck, I think, by the vast industry displayed herein by the author. Where he obtained all his information I know not, but the result is almost staggering in its completeness. Author after author passes before you, each with his cool and fragrant background of river, garden, coppice, mead, and dwelling.

"Search where you will in the shires of England," writes Mr. Maxwell, "delve where you please in Bookland, and you will fail to discover any district of equal size even one-half as rich in association with English Literature as is that part of the Thames Valley lying between London and Windsor."

"The link that binds is a twofold one, for not only have Bacon, Pope, Swift, Fielding, Gray, Dickens, and many another whose name is writ large on the scroll of Fame once chosen to live in the Thames Valley, but a still more numerous company, including Shakespeare, Milton, Jane Austen, Shelley, Scott, and Thackeray (to mention but a few), have left word-pictures, in prose and verse, of this beautiful valley, or laid scenes in various novels in its towns, villages, and countryside."

Dickens and the Thames.

One does not, somehow or other, associate Dickens with the Thames above London Bridge, yet Mr. Maxwell singles out Betty Higden as the most pathetic of all Thames Valley pilgrims.

"The poor old creature had taken the upward course of the River Thames," wrote the great novelist, "as her general track; it was the track in which her last home lay, and of which she had last had local love and knowledge. She had hovered for a little while in the near neighbourhood of her abandoned dwelling, and had sold, and knitted, and sold, and gone on. In the pleasant towns of Chertsey, Walton, Kingston, and Staines her figure came to be quite well known for some short weeks, and then again passed on."

Betty Higden died, if you remember, in a Thames-side meadow. Here she was found by Lizzie Hexam, the money for her

burial being sewn in the breast of her gown. Her great dread was a "Parish funeral." Lizzie solemnly promises that this indignity shall not happen.

"A look of thankfulness and triumph lights the worn old face. The eyes, which have been darkly fixed on the sky, turn with meaning in them towards the compassionate face from which the tears are dropping, and a smile is on the aged lips as they ask:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"My name is Lizzie Hexam."

"I must be disfigured. Are you afraid to kiss me?"

"The answer is the ready pressure of her lips upon the cold but smiling mouth. 'Bless ye! now lift me, my love.' Lizzie Hexam very softly raised the weather-

him by sheer accident, lived at Gomer House, Teddington. And here he wrote "Lorna Doone," the finest novel of the simple English soil in the language. Even the multitudes who have never read it admit that, so it must be true. It is a very long book, but not a page too-long. It is one of the books that I take from my shelves when I want rest and refreshment for the tired spirit. I have been to Devonshire many times without Blackmore, but still more often in his virile, entrancing company.

Did you know that Blackmore was for some time classical master at Wellesley House School at Twickenham Green? I did not, I must confess, and have to thank Mr. Maxwell for this enlightening bit of history. When he gave up school-mastering—a good thing to give up unless you were born for it, as so few schoolmasters are—he bought Gomer House, which had a large garden, and started fruit-growing more or less as a hobby.

"His fame was twofold," says Mr. Maxwell. "To the world he was known as a great author who also grew fruit, and to the villagers of Teddington as a great fruit-grower who also wrote books." (If he had not grown fruit, the Teddingtonians would have set him down as an idle waster.)

"This was exemplified in a conversation I had with an old gardener of his whom I discovered at Teddington. I told the old man that I had come to talk to him about Blackmore, as I understood he used to work in his market-garden years ago. He was quite willing to talk, and told me a good deal about Blackmore and his fruit-growing, and after about half-an-hour's chat he remarked, 'You know, Sir, he also wrote books, as well as kept a market-garden.' I said I had heard so."

"From this old man I learned many interesting personal details of the famous author of his retiring nature, and his scrupulous fairness to the last farthing in all his financial dealings. He used to walk round the grounds every morning after breakfast, wet or fine, but beyond 'Good-morning,' rarely spoke to anyone except the foreman, and he never liked to be spoken to. . . .

"His grave is at Teddington Cemetery, and once again in contrast to the elaborate epi-

taphs to many eighteenth-century nobodies, the stone merely has the words, 'R. D. Blackmore, died Jan. 20, 1900,' nothing else; not a word about 'Lorna Doone,' but is it needed? No one can ever forget who R. D. Blackmore was who remembers Lorna, and she is unforgettable."

Yes, but had it not been for the marriage of the Marquess of Lorne, and the consequent confusion in the minds of the public, she would have wilted and died unheralded and unsung. And *that* would have "learned him" to call himself a market-gardener!

"Pope's Villa." Everybody, of course, knows all about "Pope's Villa." Yet it is just those things that everybody

[Continued overleaf.]



PELLEAS AND MÉLISANDE IN THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF THE OPERA IN ENGLISH: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AND MR. WALTER HYDE.

The British National Opera Company were responsible for the first production in English of Debussy's "Pelleas and Mélisande." Miss Maggie Teyte sang the rôle of Mélisande admirably, and Mr. Walter Hyde was excellent in the part of Pelleas, who has, on the whole, the most "grateful" music to sing of any of the characters.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

stained grey head, and lifted her as high as Heaven."

This book teems with quotations, but I have not yet found one more beautiful than that last line from the despised and unfashionable Charles Dickens. They tell you, these modern intellectuals, that they wouldn't do it if they could. Probably not, yet just to be able to do it would be a fine thing. . . . And so to Teddington, where another old-time writer awaits our homage.

Blackmore at Teddington.

R. D. Blackmore, who used to describe himself as a market-gardener, just for the fun of puzzling the critics, who passed him over completely until fame came to

(Continued.)

knows all about that nobody knows anything about.

"The poet first came to live here in 1718, when, with the money his translation of the Iliad had brought him, which was considerable, he purchased a long lease of a riverside house standing in five acres of ground, and which has ever since been known as Pope's Villa. . . .

"This brilliant mind in so misshapen a little figure, for Pope was only four feet six high, very humpbacked and deformed, made



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS ANGELA BOYS—DAUGHTER OF PROFESSOR BOYS—TO MR. MALCOLM CARRUTHERS: THE BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.

Miss Angela Boys, the daughter of Professor C. B. Boys, F.R.S., the well-known lecturer, was married to Mr. Malcolm Carruthers, second son of the Rev. W. Mitchell Carruthers, of Kingham Hill, Oxon. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by one train-bearer, Roland Levett, her cousin; and the father of the bridegroom was the officiating clergyman.—[Photograph by C.N.]

up the man who took this house at Twickenham, and for many years was the recognised leader of the literary world of his day, and who, if for nothing else, deserves credit for being the first to break away from the servile yoke of patronage under which men of letters then laboured. . . .

"Pope's chief pride was his famous grotto, which is there to-day, although shorn of much of its glory. Part of his garden lay on the other side of the main road, and to save continually crossing this he made a subterranean passage, which he elaborated into a grotto, and of which Dr. Johnson somewhat ponderously remarked: 'He extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage.'"

Stoke Poges. In his impressions of Stoke Poges, Mr. Maxwell is more fortunate than I. He says: "Passing through Slough . . . we come to Stoke Poges, whose little church is world-famous as the scene of Gray's undying 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' I first arrived here in the morning, but made a special point of visiting it again just as twilight was deepening to night; and although I heard no curfew, lowing herds, droning beetles, tinklings, or owls, and met no ploughman, it wanted but a slight effort of imagination to see and hear all that is conjured up by the beautiful lines."

My own experience is the exact opposite. All my life I had seen that churchyard in my mind's eye, especially the nodding beech

and the brook babbling by. It is quite likely, of course, that this was another scene in the same village; but my nodding beech and babbling brook were in the churchyard, and I was bitterly disappointed to find nothing of the kind.

Moreover, I would defy the poet Gray or anybody else to see the lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea, or the ploughman homeward plodding his weary way, from under the old yew-tree by the porch. So far as I remember, the churchyard is splendidly hedged in. For all that, it is a very picturesque and peaceful churchyard, and if you admire the poem you should make your pilgrimage to the tomb of the poet.

I will conclude my review of this delightful book with the author's reference to a town of which you may have heard:

"Surbiton," he writes scornfully, "is too modern a place to have much of literary interest."

Hard is the way of the transgressor, and just as hard the lot of the author who is sufficiently unromantic to be still alive and writing. Yet I would rather like to show him my collection of editions—English, Colonial, American, Continental—of a certain little work which includes in its title the despised name of Surbiton.

"The Voice on the Mountain."

If the light which beats upon a throne is fierce, how much fiercer the scrutiny directed on a work of fiction which bears upon its title-page the

name, as author, of a reigning Queen! We all know that queens are merely human, and we are all far too wise to expect a first novel, even though it comes from a royal pen, to be more brilliant than the work of an equally accomplished commoner. And yet, so hard does the romance die that has ever clung about those who live in royal palaces that it is almost impossible to read this book by the Queen of Roumania in precisely the same mood as we should open the first work of Miss Annabel Jones.

It is really very daring of a Queen to write a novel at all! It is still more daring to publish it, and positively heroic to have it sent out for review in the ordinary way. No letter comes from the publisher with this review copy asking for special treatment. It just arrives with a parcel of other books not written by royal pens, and sportingly takes its chance.

If the authorship had been kept a secret, I should have said that "The Voice on the Mountain" was the work of a very serious, very talented young woman, gifted (or cursed) with an overwhelming sympathy with the sorrows of the human race. Knowing that it is written by the Queen of Roumania, I cannot help feeling that the royal authoress put something of herself into Glava, the central figure, and something of her subjects into the populace who come to the mountain for help and comfort.

"They were all climbing the steep mountain path. The sun was in their eyes, blinding them, but they did not linger, they did not stop; bravely they pushed forward, for were they not eager to reach the top?"

"Of all ages they were, men, women, and children, but their expressions were the same,

for the same hope lay within their hearts. Few words passed between them. They were strangers to each other. They had come from many lands. Some were footsore, lame, and dusty, with clothes soiled by sun and rain. But their eyes had a curious resemblance—the resemblance of worshippers believing in one and the same faith."

That is how the book opens—this procession of people eagerly ascending the mountain to meet Glava.

"Why should we be climbing this mountain?" asked a woman with a haggard countenance, pressing a sickly child to her breast. "Why should we be climbing this mountain if we did not believe and hope for miracles, if we did not expect to find Glava a being unlike ourselves?"

"I climb because I want to see," said the old man.

"And I because I want help."

"And I because I am weary."

"And I because my heart is aching."

"And I because I am a disbeliever."

"And I because I need love."

"And I because I hope to reach fame!"

"And I because my life is empty."

"And I because I have looked into hell and hope to find heaven."

But did Glava believe in herself? When asked the question, she replies that the belief of others can often lead one to one's own height. That the great need of others lifts one above oneself. That the hands of those who give are always full, since the wisdom of the heart is limitless.



THE MARRIAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS: MISS RENÉE MAYER AND HER HUSBAND, MR. DAVID HORNE.

Miss Renée Mayer, the well-known dancer and actress, who made her first stage appearance at the age of nine, and won great success as a fairy dancer in many pantomimes, and who has appeared as Wendy in "Peter Pan," and Pinkle in "Pinkle and the Fairies," etc., was married to Mr. David Horne last week. She has known her husband since they were both children, when he wrote from school asking her for her portrait, but did not meet him again until quite recently.

Photograph by Barratt's.

Those who have ears to hear, let them hear. Even the most acrid Socialist will derive no harm from this loftily conceived and very unusual book.

The Authors' Thames. By Gordon S. Maxwell. (Cecil Palmer; 12s. 6d. net.)

The Voice on the Mountain. By Marie Queen of Roumania. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

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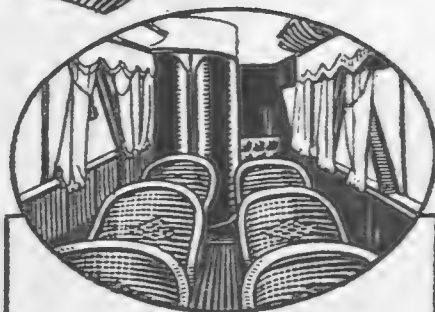
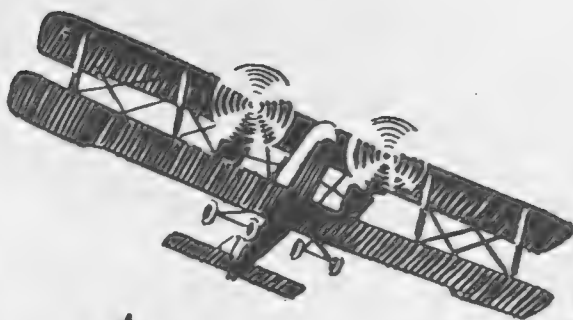
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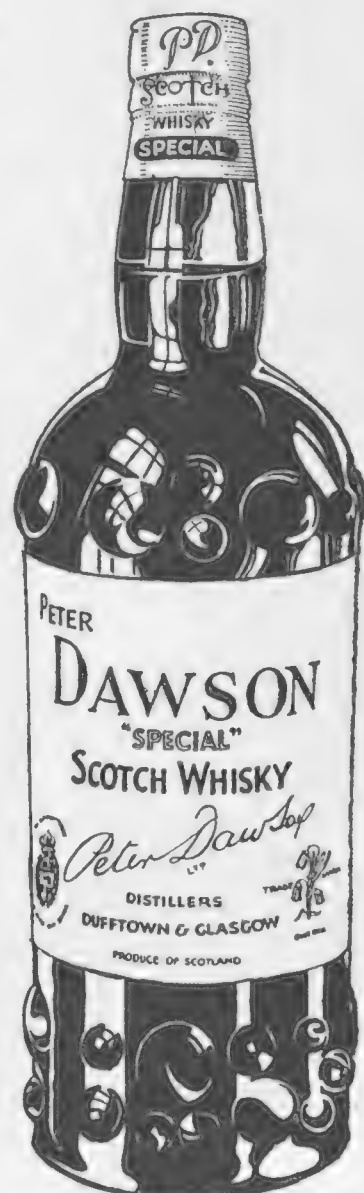
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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Miniature Car Race at Lyons.

Evidently the French motor manufacturers anticipate increased taxes or their customers have less money to spend, as on July 30, on the Lyons road circuit, there is to be a long-distance race for four-wheeled cars with engines having a cubic capacity of not more than 500 c.c. These tiny motors will have to cover 172 miles on the afternoon following the motor-cycle Grand Prix. The 750 c.c. engined cars also run with these miniature two-seaters, but the distance these have to race is increased to 215 miles. The driver and his mechanic-passenger must not weigh less than 19 stone together, and the machines themselves in the 500 c.c. race must not be lighter than 385 lb., or heavier than 771 lb.. These cars are practically half the size of the 7-h.p. Austin as regards their engine capacity.

Now these tiny four-cylinder Austin motors have proved wonderfully speedy when raced on the track at Brooklands, developing a speed between 70 and 80 miles per hour. One can hardly expect a 500 c.c. engine to be a four cylinder, as that is only the cubic capacity of the single and two-cylinder motor-cycle power unit. Perhaps that is the reason Mr. H. R. Ricardo has been designing his new two-cylinder engine so as to be ready with something to offer our British motor-manufacturers if they decide to follow the lead of their French rivals. Mr. Ricardo's engine is, certainly of greater piston displacement than

500 c.c., but as it has some novel features, including one rocking-cam operating the two inlet valves, while the other cam serves the two exhaust valves, compensating weights to balance the momentum of both pistons moving up and down together so as to get an even torque, or turning effect, there is no reason why it cannot be made in a smaller edition than its present 8.4-h.p. rating. As this engine is credited with developing 20-h.p. at 2000 revs. per min., and without any vibration, or "period," it can be readily understood that these miniature cars will develop a fine turn of speed if their motors only approach in flexibility our own examples here quoted. At the same time, one is wondering how much smaller cars are going to become. They may give plenty of room for two occupants; but when they are loaded with three or four persons (which is often the case) it may be suggested we shall have to start a society to prevent cruelty to motors. How the poor motor-cycle and side-car combinations stand the load constantly placed on them is simply

marvellous. Only recently an owner of an Ariel made in 1914 wrote to the newspapers and informed them that this machine was ridden every day of the week, and at every week-end carried the owner, his wife, two children and a pillion rider as well. Further, the machine is working in excellent order. It is a testimonial to its stoutness for the builder, but it does not seem quite fair play to subject a machine to such overloading.

Forced Induction Creates Record.

The astonishing part of the whole business is that the makers of the machine, instead of condemning its ill-treatment, actually boost the performance, as if it ought to be encouraged. Quite a bright lad recently discovered that engines do not get enough gas into their combustion



more and use his gear-box less—a pernicious habit. But, joking apart, the induced draught or supercharged engine does develop much more power, and so naturally permits a driver to remain on top gear longer than he could without this additional means. Kenelm Lee Guinness and Dario Resta 'are to be the drivers in the 24-hours endurance race over the Le Mans road circuit on June 14-15, in which this Sunbeam will compete against the cream of the French motor industry, and the 15.9-h.p. Bentley, to be driven by Captain Duff and the imperturbable Clement, both well-known Brooklands drivers. One hopes both cars will do well and win prizes, but this page goes to press too early to be able to chronicle their looked-for victories.

McKenna Duties: Cause and Effect.

While I am asked by Messrs. Crossley Motors to state that there will be no reduction in the prices of their cars owing to the repeal of the McKenna duties on Aug. 1, the Hudson and Essex cars' concessionaires and others (and even Mr. Henry Ford) write to say, "We have now reduced our prices to the 'no duty' ones, so do not look for any lower costs." But though in cases like the Maxwell and Paige Jewett the new figures have brought the

price of the cars down £100, most of the other U.S.A. and Canadian-built cars are reduced only £10 to £50 respectively. On the other hand, Crossley Motors, Ltd., think it is highly probable it will be found necessary to increase the price of the 14-h.p. Crossley at an early date, as the cost of both labour and materials is on the rise. And the threat of strikes is not helping to keep them down. Germany is going also to compete again in our motor markets, through an organisation that has combined the interests of the Mercedes, Benz, and Hensa-Lloyd companies, so as to give them plenty of capital to fight for their own home market if it is invaded at all strongly, and to carry the war into their rivals' territory where possible. I should not be surprised if Sir Herbert Austin and Mr. Morris joined forces one day for the same purpose, if the "invasion," after the McKenna duties cease, is too fierce to allow them to get their proper share of business.



"SAFETY LAST" AT THE CAMBRIDGE MAY WEEK: A SCENE ON THE RIVER.

Cambridge May Races were held last week, and some exciting racing was seen. Our snapshot shows a strange river craft from which enthusiasts watched the sport.—[Photograph by C.N.]

chambers to give out their full power as theoretically calculated. So now we are going to see these poor ill-treated motors crammed under pressure, just as geese are forcibly fed to produce pâté-de-foie-gras. Evidently this "cramming," or forced induction of the gas mixture, is a success, as at the recent annual Aston Hill climbing competition, "Dolly" Resta, in his ascent on the Grand Prix "two-litre" Sunbeam with forced induction, created a new record for this hill—44 3-5th sec. up the 1600 yards rise, equalling a speed of nearly 73½ miles per hour. This car also bounded up South Harting Hill the following Saturday in 25 4-5th sec.: the fastest climb of the day—and of the hill as far as my records reveal. If this Sunbeam or its brothers entered for the European Grand Prix continue these victories, motorists are promised that the engines in the Sunbeam touring cars are to be "crammed" with gas as well, in order further to increase the engine flexibility, and so help the driver to slip his clutch

Three Golf Drives—Good and Bad.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Penalties of Success.

Which is better—to be a hopeful long-handicap player at golf, or a self-satisfied scratch man? At first blush, this may seem an absurdly easy question to answer. What is it that every golfer seeks to be? Even is it like asking a person whether he would rather be a millionaire with an assured passport to paradise or a merely ordinary mortal. Nobody would expect to get full marks if he plumped for the merely ordinary mortal. And yet I have heard of a sugar-planting millionaire who cannot sleep o' nights unless his attendants prop him upright in an armchair, and of the richest man in the world who always exceeds the legal five minutes in searching for a lost golf ball, and goes home full of gloom if he cannot find it. Similarly, I know plus and scratch golfers who are very, very unhappy. Sometimes their driving is not exactly as it should be. Or every now and again they are socketing a mashie shot. It is terrible.

Delights of Dufferdom.

From the psychological point of view, the main difference between the bad player and the good player seems to me to be this: the bad player goes home deliriously happy if he has hit three good drives, and the good player goes home profoundly worried if he has hit three bad ones. I am not sure that there is anybody on earth quite so lucky as the duffer on the links. If famous golfers could enter completely into dufferdom for a week, they would be immensely interested. They are as retired millionaires: they know next to nothing of the doubt, hope, expectancy, apprehension, and other influences that help to make life exciting to ordinary individuals. After having watched them at frequent intervals for a good many years, I find it impossible to believe other than that they possess definite knowledge as to where they are going to put every shot. This must be awful. The monotony of it!

One Slice.

When Mr. Roger Wethered sliced his drive over the railway wall at the sixteenth hole at St. Andrews in the semi-final of the recent amateur championship—the shot that virtually sealed his fate against Mr. Eustace Storey—there was as much amazement as one would expect if the Prime Minister suddenly stood on his head in the House of Commons and put out his tongue at the Members. And yet why should not Mr. Wethered slice a drive terribly and finish on the railway track? If only you go to sufficient first-class tournaments, the dulness of seeing people perpetually addressing the ball on

the teeing ground and hitting it 230 yards—more or less—down the middle of the course becomes oppressive. It seems absurd that they should be bothered with such a formality. It would be just as reasonable for a champion swimmer to be tipped out of a boat in a small pond, and for the spectators to be asked to find a thrill in the thought that he might be drowned.

Sympathy.

Uncertainty is the salt of life, and it is the fact that the duffers at golf have such a lot of it that makes them so lucky. They never know what is coming next. There are people who think that the state of dufferdom is unhappy—like rheumatism or insomnia, which is often advanced as its cause. It would be

The Scratch Man's Burden.

Assuming that we have now goaded the humble long-handicap golfer into a state of solemn satisfaction, let us proceed to ram home some very sharp points for the enlightenment of plus or scratch men who even yet may be sceptical of the bliss of taking five for a short hole. The player who wins scratch medals in the ordinary way, and breaks the record for the course when he feels that he simply must do something new, makes his way from the last green with sadness written upon his countenance. He is worried. His caddie, wrapped in that impenetrable gloom which common decency bids him simulate for these occasions, bears away the clubs as though he had all the burdens of the world upon his shoulders instead of some pieces of wood and iron. The confirmed par player meets one friend and then another; the gravity which settles upon their faces soon after he begins to talk shows plainly that something dreadful has happened. The melancholy spreads . . . at length everybody knows the facts. He has missed three drives, and can't think what he was doing wrongly!

Bliss—Perfect Bliss!

Let us leave him alone with his sorrow, and turn our attention to the player whose incompetence is a by-word. He arrives at the steps of the club-house with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. Obviously he has something to say, and is going to say it quickly. We ask him how he fared; it is the proper thing to do. He begins with a little preamble about the result of the match. Then he gets to business. During the round, he has hit three absolutely perfect drives! At the second, he was twenty yards past the zereba and on the green with a mashie niblick. ("Good gracious!") At the seventh, he was up with a drive and a mashie. ("That must have been a terrific drive.") At the fifteenth, he drove past the green. ("Rotten luck! Hardly anybody else was reaching it to-day.") At the finish of the recital, his face is aglow with pride.

The Terrible Contrast.

He is going home to tell his wife and family about those three drives. The whole office will know about them in the morning.

And the plus man is going home sad and perplexed. He also remembers three drives. Why it is that we try to improve at golf, I cannot imagine. Here we are risking the loss of exercise in the fallow country beside the fairway; the loss of the excitement which comes of the unexpected; the loss of everything that renders golf fascinating—all in an attempt to swing the club perfectly. What a consoling thought when next we take seven to a hole!



A MEMBER OF THE "LORDS" TEAM IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF ASSOCIATION. LORDS V. COMMONS MATCH: THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

Lady Carisbrooke, wife of the first Marquess of Carisbrooke, and sister of the Earl of Lonsborough, is a keen golfer and a prominent member of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association. She took part in the team match last week between the Ladies' "Lords" team against the Ladies' "Commons" side, playing for the former team.—[Photograph by Mauli and Fox.]

a great good thing for the golfing world to realise that the individual who executes a lot of bad shots taps the sweetest pleasures of the game in his occasional good ones. It is high time that he soared into the seventh heaven of delight about his condition, and, in a delicate and decorous manner, proffered his sincere sympathy to the people who seem to be physically and mentally incapable of playing a really bad round.

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Derby Day.

The Derby Stakes are run on Derby Day, the second day of the Summer Meeting at Epsom, which falls sometimes in May, sometimes in June. The race was instituted by the Earl of Derby in 1780, the first winner being Sir C. Bunbury's "Diomed." There were nine starters. The distance of the race is 1 mile, 4 furlongs, 29 yards.

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Nearly all of you put your little bit on at Ascot or other race meetings; also most of you enter into a club sweep upon these races.

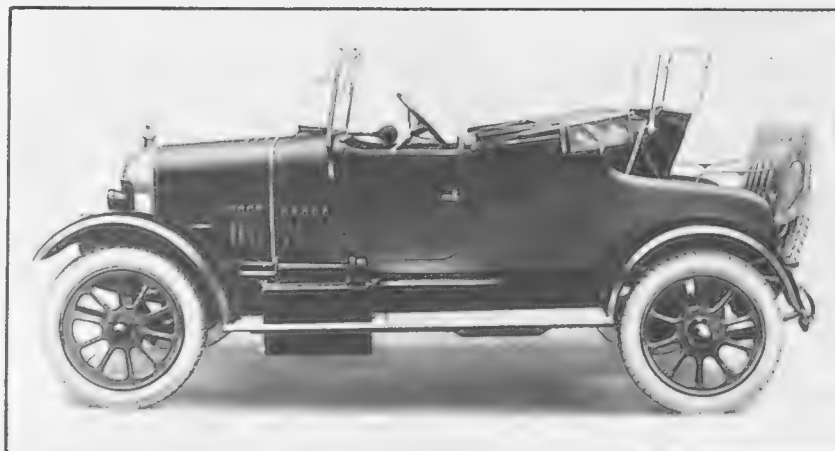
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BUT REMEMBER NOT TO LEAVE IT TILL TOO LATE.
YOU HAVE ONLY FIVE MORE WEEKS.

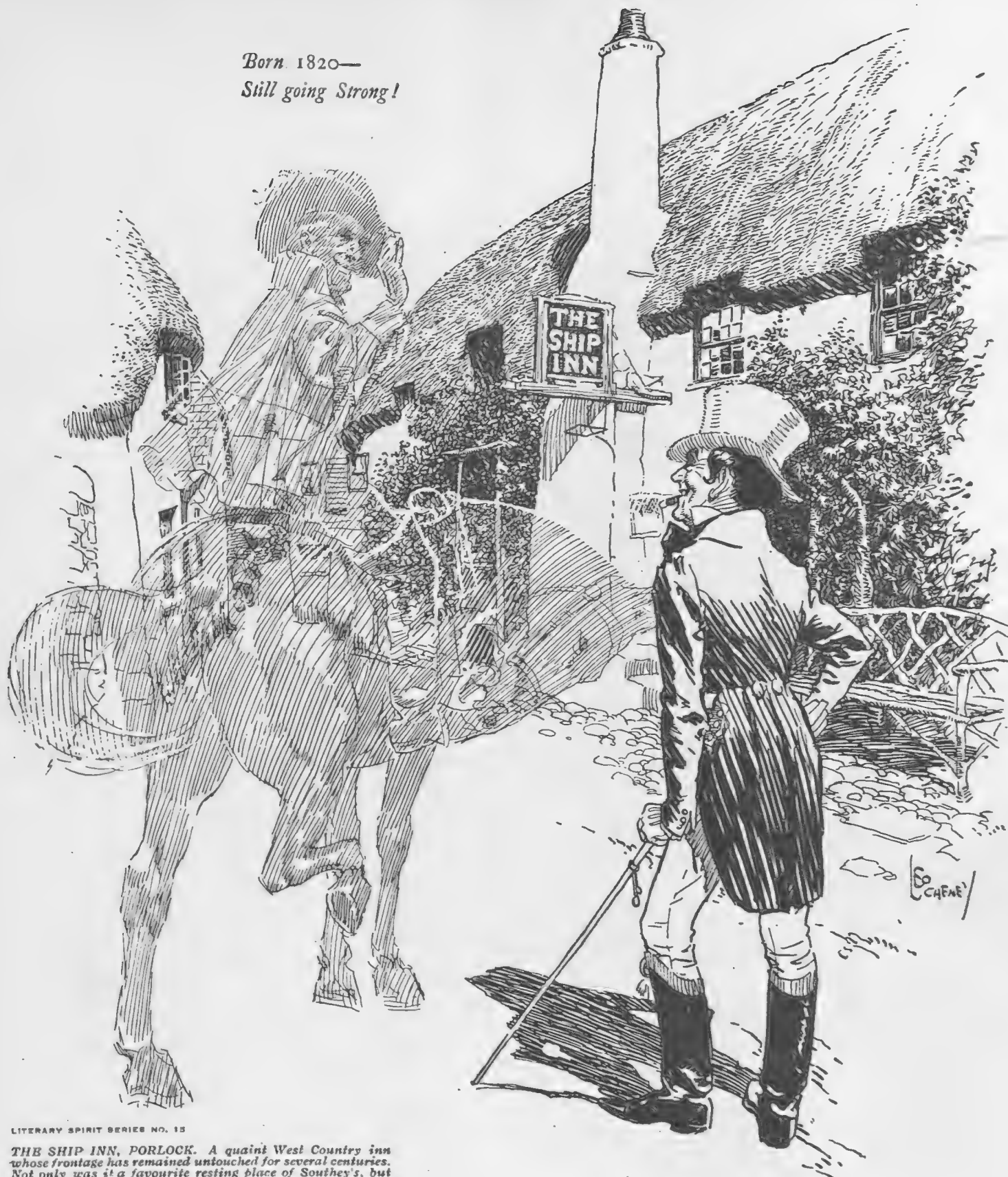
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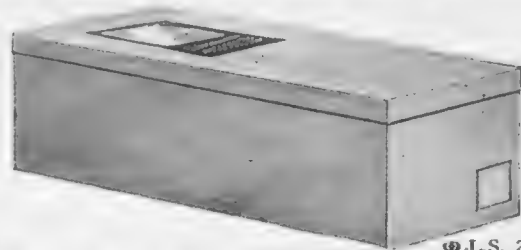
They have learned that the balance of nearly every foot is different, and that the shoe that fits a well-curved arch will not suit one that has dropped and needs support. Elderly people need greater attention than the young. Their feet usually trouble them more—partly from wearing the wrong shoes in the past. The weight of the sole, not too heavy and not too light, is a matter for the judgment of the trained assistant, and a wise choice in this one particular will often mean the difference between pleasure and discomfort in walking, especially for those who like to be out of doors as much as possible. Our lasts are specially built to ensure a close fit around the ankle, and before a purchase at the London Shoe Company is completed it is supervised and approved by an expert fitter.

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You will no doubt have heard that we are noted for the unique dyeing facilities we offer to our customers, but you may not have realised the full importance of this service. We are always ready to dye the fabric shoes you select to any desired shade, and do so within twenty-four hours. This allows you to choose solely for style and fitting, knowing that you can have the shoe that suits you in any shade you desire. At the same time, and for a merely nominal sum, if you wish, we dye your stockings to match your shoes. Country customers who are not likely to be in London in the immediate future are invited to send a postcard for our 1924 Catalogue (S). It shows all the best and latest models, and is accepted as authoritative on present-day styles. But if you can do so, we urge you to pay us a visit and so ensure the lasting satisfaction of a perfect fit.

An expert fitter approves every purchase.



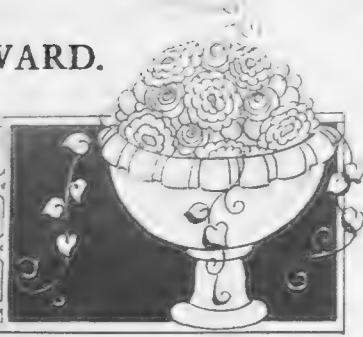
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



Summer Frocks for Henley.

Ascot, with its multitude of exquisite toilettes revealing the very latest whims of fashion, leaves one lost in almost reverent admiration; but for sheer beauty of colouring in frocks and scenery I think nothing can equal the picturesque pageant of Henley. The first week in July heralds the opening of the regatta, and I can safely prophesy that this year it will be more brilliant than ever as far as fashions are concerned. The famous dressmakers seem to have conspired to produce diaphanous frocks in every colour of the rainbow. They are cut on slender, simple lines, completed with fluttering scarves, pennons, and ribbons. I have seen several fascinating affairs of crêpe-de-Chine carried out in a bold printed pattern, the corsage in black and scarlet, and the plissé skirt in black and vivid blue. Others are in shaded georgette, tinted from the palest pink to a deep fuchsia; and frocks of flowered georgette have abandoned the more familiar roses and sweet-peas to blossom into the lovely colourings of orchids, petunias, and gardenias, sprays of the real flowers being worn on one shoulder.



Blue repp and lacquer-red marocain express this attractive three-piece suit, completed with a bold design in blue and gold, painted on imitation suède. Sketched at the Magasins du Louvre, Oxford Circus, W.

is a welcome companion, and sketched on this page is a delightful affair which hails from the Magasins du Louvre, Oxford Circus, W. It is expressed in blue repp and lacquer-red marocain, decorated with an effective painted design on imitation suède. The price is 12 guineas. An equally useful alternative is a graceful coat of black marocain enriched with deep bands of écru embroidery from the hips. It costs only £4 5s.; while a well-tailored coat-frock in fine serge, introducing bright touches of embroidery in the guise of tiny pockets, is only 25s. 6d. Pretty summer frocks of every description abound in these salons at prices to meet every pocket. They range from 9s. 6d. upwards. A distinctive affair in plaid sponge cut on straight chemise lines is only 24s.; and another in gaily printed voile with the fashionable tiered skirt is 25s. Knitted frocks are available at prices equally elastic, and an ideal river or seaside frock in fine white wool bordered with stripes in contrasting colours can be secured for 15s. 6d. A multitude of other attractive possibilities will be found in the summer catalogue of this firm, which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

The New Liberty.

There can be but few people, I think, who have not already seen and admired the fine Tudor-period building in Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., which is the new home of the famous house of Liberty. The magnificent oaken galleries and carved walls form a wonderful setting to the lovely frocks and accessories always associated with this firm. Sketched on the left are two *chefs-d'œuvre* destined for Henley and the fashionable *plages*. The first is in cinnamon georgette over cyclamen silk, with a shoulder cape and graceful draperies of Nottingham lace dyed to the same tint. The unusual "moyenâge" sleeves are a notable feature. The picture is completed by a shady hat to match, with the crown of pedal straw and the brim of tulle decorated with silken flowers in artistic shades. The second model is expressed in silver-grey georgette and lace, embroidered with grey pearls. A special feature of Liberty's this season are the fascinating summer frocks of hand-painted crêpe-de-Chine patterned in artistic cherry and almond blossom designs. They can be obtained for £6 18s. 6d. in lovely colourings; and frocks of washing Tyrian silk cut on slender cross-over lines and finished with lingerie collar and cuffs of georgette are available for 5½ guineas. Then there are useful affairs in printed crêpe-de-Chine for £3 19s. 6d. carried out in dark, rich colourings. Briefly, I advise all readers to lose no time before paying a visit to the new Liberty's, both on account of the striking building and the distinctive models to which it forms a romantic background.

Two Notable Bargains.

During my rambles through the shops this week, I discovered two wonderful bargains in the domain of summer holiday outfits for the children. The first was a practical little cardigan for 6s. 11d., and the second a bathing suit of stockinette adorned with an embroidered animal mascot for 2s. 7½d. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to state where these may be obtained.

(Continued overleaf.)



Two distinctive creations which must be placed to the credit of Liberty's, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W. Cinnamon georgette and tinted Nottingham lace make the one on the left, and the hat is of brown pedal straw and georgette, trimmed with silken flowers. The model on the right is fashioned of silver-grey georgette and lace, embroidered with pearls.

Frills and Furbelows of Organdie.

For a midsummer day of brilliant sunshine, demure little frocks in organdie look the very epitome of coolness, and this year they are obtainable in a diversity of lovely colours. Apple-green adorned with quaint motifs and a large butterfly bow of a deep honey nuance has been used to express one entrancing model; and another is in pale coral mingled with white. One discovers it also in pretty little garden frocks of gaily checked and striped cotton fabrics, many of which owe their charm to a finely tucked gilet and collar of organdie, which reappears unexpectedly in the form of a bustle bow sash or a deep insertion, preferably plissé, near the border of the skirt.

A Diversity of Summer Fashions.

For cloudy days, however, a three-piece suit

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Perfect Tailoring.

To achieve the perfectly groomed appearance which is the goal of every English-

woman, well cut and perfectly tailored clothes are the essential factor. It is a wise course, therefore, to place this important matter in the skilled hands of a firm such as Studd and Millington, who have been renowned for so many years for their perfect tailoring in connection with men's clothes. To-day, women may share the advantages, and sketched on this page are two graceful models which hail from their salons at 76a, Chancery Lane, E.C. The coat and skirt, christened the Wembley suit, is built of fine gabardine, and is completed with a detachable cape. On the right is a practical coat for general wear, cut on riding-habit lines. It can be carried out in West of England covert coating and whipcords in many shades. Perfectly tailored coats and skirts can be obtained from 7½ guineas upwards.

A Sale of Summer Furs.

A pleasant fact that must be realised everywhere is that the summer-time sale of furs at the City Fur

Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. (first floor), is now in full swing, and will continue until the end of August. I saw some really wonderful bargains there, awaiting early claimants. There are sable marmot coats reduced from 28 guineas to 21 guineas; and others of seal coney trimmed with skunk opossum are obtainable from 9½ guineas upwards. Wide wraps of natural skunk have been marked down to 7½ guineas, and beautiful red fox stoles are available for the same price. Sketched on this page is a lovely coat of seal coney, bordered with grey fox. It can be secured for 29 guineas. Not only does one reap the benefit of summer prices by purchasing now, but at the City Fur Store one may also arrange to have the furs stored there until September and defer payment until then, which is doubly advantageous! Also alterations and repairs are considerably cheaper during these summer months. A comprehensive sale catalogue has been prepared, and will be sent gratis and post free to all

who mention the name of this paper—an opportunity which should not be neglected.

Poudre de Santé.

The energetic sportswoman who rejoices in the present-day activities finds in them one great drawback—they promote excessive perspiration, which is naturally distasteful to the fastidious woman. The discomfort of a moist skin and over-heated body seriously interferes with one's enjoyment, but, naturally, the greatest care must be exercised in the choice of a powder which allays this annoyance without closing up the pores. These are merits which can be justly claimed by the Poudre de Santé (Marsanta), which is perfectly hygienic, and keeps the skin cool and fragrant. It is used as an ordinary toilet powder, and is indispensable to enthusiastic dancers, as it imparts a delightful freshness and fragrance throughout the longest and hottest evening. It is obtainable from all chemists and stores of prestige in three sizes—2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., or 4s. 9d., scented and unscented. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, however, application should be made direct to Marshall and Co., 70a, Basinghall Street, E.C.

British-Made Woollies.

Everything of all-British manufacture is of universal interest just now, and it should be noted that the delightful St. Margaret jerseys, frocks, and coats for children, and the famous stockings of the same name are made entirely at the St. Margaret's Works, Leicester. Long experience has proved them exceptionally strong and hard-wearing, and they are modestly priced to suit the most restricted

pocket. The St. Margaret's Works are responsible for comfortable jerseys of every description, knitted in effective patterns and colourings, while socks and stockings can be made to match. Pretty cashmere and artificial silk frocks for small maidens are also obtainable, as well as sports coats, scarves, and every variety of knitted wear. Briefly, everyone in search of reliable summer woollies should remember the name "St. Margarets"; and should any difficulty be



The perfect tailoring of Studd and Millington, 76a, Chancery Lane, E.C., is a distinctive feature of this practical coat and skirt, completed with a detachable cape.



A lovely wrap of seal coney bordered with grey fox. Sketched at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.



A well-tailored coat cut on riding habit lines, which must be placed to the credit of Studd and Millington.

experienced, application for illustrated booklets should be made direct to the G.H.Q. at Leicester, who will be pleased to furnish also the name and address of their nearest agent. With the summer holidays approaching, it is well to remember the word "St. Margarets" in connection with the small people's holiday outfits.

A Remedy for Superfluous Hair.

In these enlightened days it is quite unnecessary for any sensitive woman to resign herself to the affliction of superfluous hair. One has only to consult an expert who has studied the subject thoroughly and obtain her experienced advice. Jean Malcolm, of 45, Cambridge Road, W.6., has originated a treatment which banishes this annoyance. It is not, she declares, a depilatory, and is perfectly harmless. The preparation can be obtained for 9s. a bottle, post free, and letters stating individual cases and requesting advice are cordially invited.

[Continued on page xxi.]

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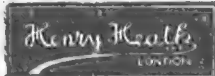


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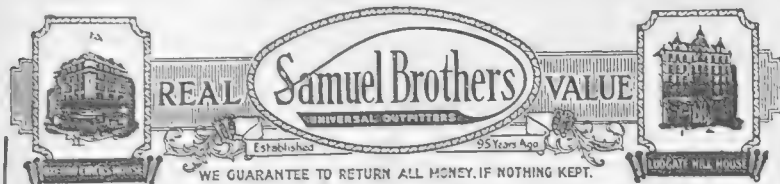
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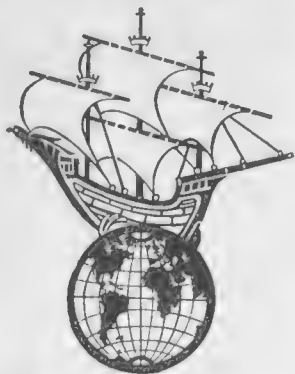
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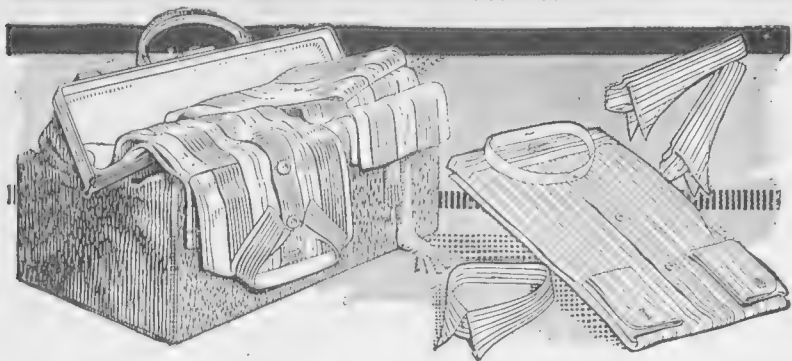
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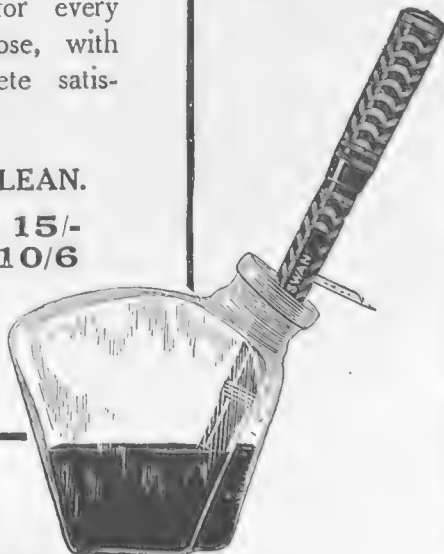
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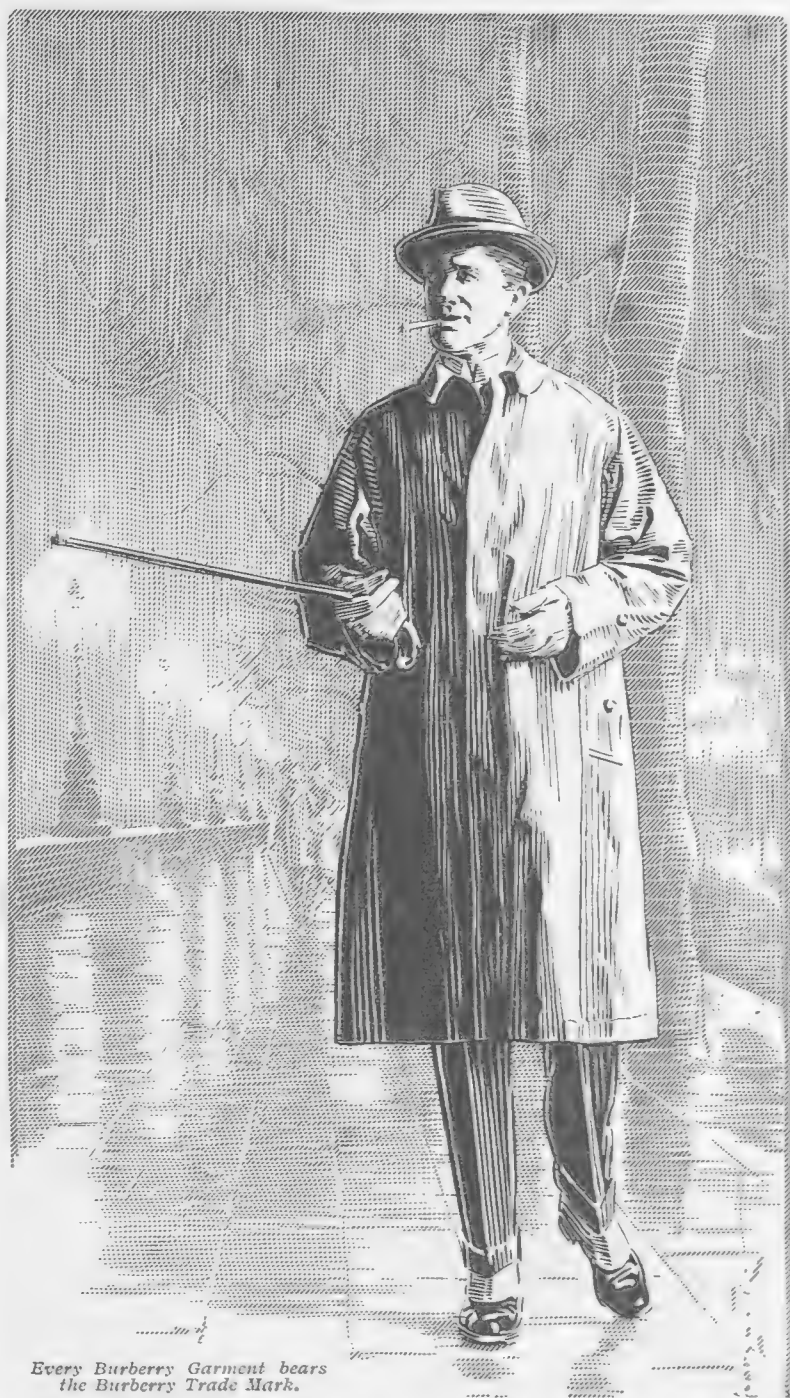
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Both Creams are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in Opal Jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes 2/6.

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A Model

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Cam-Knickers (as sketch), trimmed reproduction Binché Lace. An exact copy of a French model.

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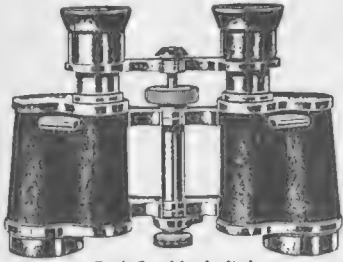
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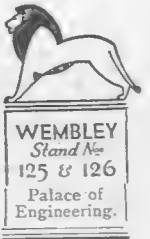
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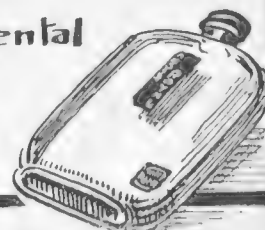
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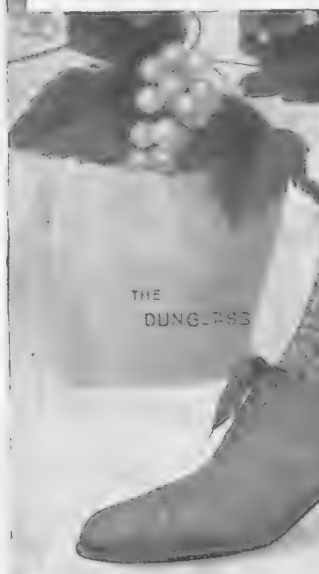
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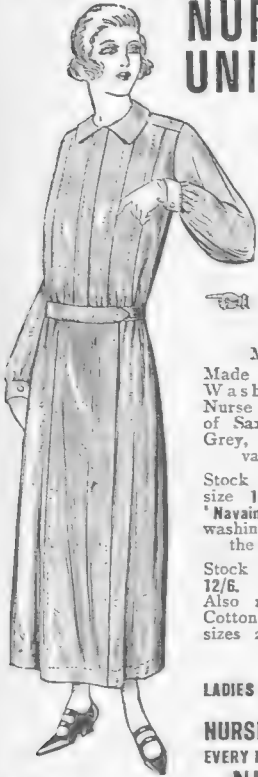


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"CAMPDEN"

Well-made Jersey Suit in rich mercerised cotton. Neck and cuffs tipped with contrasting colours. In saxe/champagne, sky/white, mole/sky, primrose/white, champagne/tan, tan/champagne, ivory/sky. To fit 2 to 6 years. First size **24/6**

Rising 1/6 each size.

Also in several colours in artificial silk and wool. First size **25/6**

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Dainty little white Organdi frock with pink silk underslip. Narrow muslin frills on skirt, sleeves and neck. Finished at waist with floral rosettes and ribbon. To fit from 2½ to 4 years. **44/-**

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A dainty model with a simple embroidered design at the neck. Well-made in superior quality linen and stocked in saxe, canary, cherry, tan, green and white. To fit 2½ to 6 years. **33/6**

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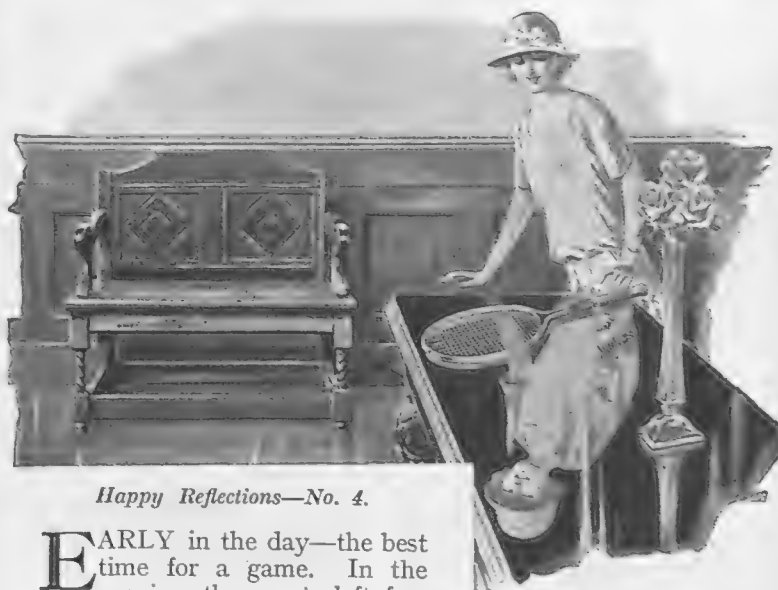
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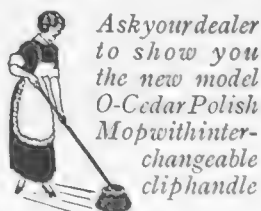


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EARLY in the day—the best time for a game. In the evening, the courts left free to the business folk. . . . Early in the day—the housework finished; the floors swept, cleaned, polished; the furniture radiantly bright. . . . What a blessing is O-Cedar—the Mop, Polish and Wax.

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Four out of Five are Victims

*Will Pyorrhea claim you, too?
Make Forhan's your aid*

Pyorrhea does not discriminate. Silk stockinged crowds or cotton—all look alike to this sinister disease. Records prove that it has marked for its own four out of every five over forty years of age and thousands younger.

Take heed of Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums. Or better still, avoid Pyorrhea entirely by going to your dentist regularly and brushing your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums. Used in time and used consistently, Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea or checks its progress. Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

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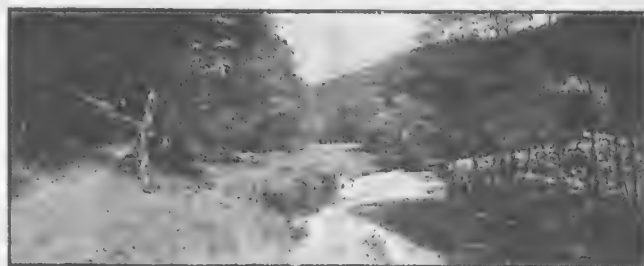
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

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FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH
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Specialist in
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The Yorkshire Dales and Moors

WOULD you know the joy of roaming the purple heather and wooded hills, forgetting all cares of the city in the poetic beauty, inspiring grandeur and invigorating air of the Yorkshire dales and moors?

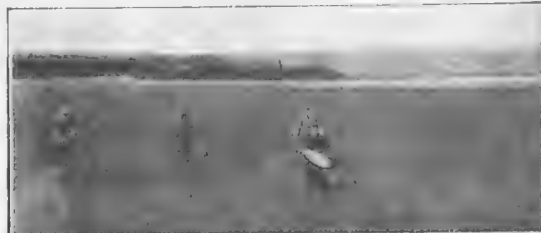
You have your headquarters in a little dale town or moorland village, making your choice of the pleasant farmhouses, cottages and inns of olden times where hospitality is a cherished tradition. It matters not which direction you take for walks of wondrous charm.

You halt as fancy pleases by waterfall or lively moorland stream; visit the stateliest homes of England, or linger by ivy-covered ruins of ancient abbey or castle. The dales and moors teem with historic interest; at their very threshold is York, the Eboracum of the conquering Romans in A.D. 79.

Easily accessible, when the spirit of gaiety prompts, are the favourite coast resorts of Scarborough and Whitby and the fashionable inland spas of Harrogate, Ripon and Ilkley. This is the holiday one often seeks but rarely finds.

LNER

Ask for Illustrated Booklets dealing with the Yorkshire Dales and Moors, also Apartments and Hotels Guide, free at any L.N.E.R. Office or from Passenger Manager, Liverpool St. Station, E.C. 2.



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METROPOLE
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Four hours from
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*Maintain your Health during the
Summer months by drinking delicious*

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Simple Suits
for Summer
Days.

The many cloudy days which help to compose our English summer demand clothing of a warmer calibre than cotton frocks, and sketched on this page are two practical little suits which will answer every purpose. The graceful model on the left, completed with a detachable shoulder cape, is built of wool repp and is obtainable for 69s. 6d. at Samuel Brothers (221, Oxford Street, W., and 65, Ludgate Hill, E.C.), in several soft shades. On the right is a jumper suit in heavy artificial silk, which can be secured in many colour-schemes. The price is 47s. 6d., and those in wool stockinette are only 29s. 6d. Frocks and coats and skirts of wool stockinette can be obtained from 29s. 6d. upwards, and for 35s. 9d. one may become the possessor of a neat little jumper suit in artistic marl mixtures.

Summer
Outfits for
Little People.

The name of Samuel Brothers is always associated with practical and inexpensive outfits for children of all ages, and readers should apply for their new children's catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. It includes useful tunic-knicker frocks in soft wool, bordered with contrasting colours, for 18s. 6d., and others carried out in zephyr, decorated with hand embroidery, for 15s. 9d., size 18 in. Fascinating little suits of artificial silk for small boys can be secured from 12s. 6d. upwards; and smocked buster suits in gay colourings range from 17s.

A Word
About Goerz
Cameras.

Every photographic enthusiast knows the manifold merits of the famous Goerz cameras and lenses issued by Peeling and Van Neck, 4, Holborn

Circus, E.C., and it is interesting to learn that they have introduced yet another improvement in the shape of the new Roll



Two attractive outfits for cloudy summer days. On the left is a coat-frock in tabac wool repp completed with a detachable cape; and on the right a jumper suit in artificial silk decorated with an embroidered monogram. Sketched at Samuel Brothers, 221, Oxford Street, W.

Film Tenax Camera, which satisfies the most exacting requirements of the advanced amateur worker. Fitted with a Dogmar f4.5 lens, Compur shutter, the Tenax is a camera capable of every kind of work at all seasons. It is fast enough for snapshot work, even in dull weather, and precise enough for architectural photography, whilst it is equally suitable for portraiture and landscape work. The Goerz Tenger cameras are obtainable at prices to suit every pocket, and £2 12s. 6d. will secure a vest-pocket Tenger of this famous make. For £5 a 3½ in. by 2½ in. Tenger can be obtained, fitted with a Goerz F6.8 Kalostigmat lens. Full particulars can be obtained from the G.H.Q. at Holborn Circus.

A Wembley
Novelty.

One display that attracts the pilgrim when he goes to Wembley is found at the Food Section in the Palace of Industry. It is the stand of Chivers and Sons, which shows fruit-trees growing side by side with the jams, jellies, and other fruit products which really originate in the orchard. The firm of Chivers and Sons are farmers and fruit-growers on an immense scale, and every year they take thousands of tons of fresh fruit, newly picked, direct to their jam factory from their own orchards which surround it. Another feature of equal interest is an array of tiny jars of Chivers' Olde English marmalade and Chivers' strawberry jam. These jars, indeed, are of microscopic dimensions, and are exact reproductions of the jars which Chivers, as Purveyors by Appointment to H.M. the King, were privileged to supply to the Queen's Doll's-House. These miniature models, some half-inch in height, are wonderfully exact in their proportions, and the labels, perhaps a quarter-of-an-inch deep, are splendid specimens of accurate printing.



For Dainty Hands and
Delicate Complexions

Yardley's
Old English
Lavender Soap

ITS soft mellow lather soothes, refines and beautifies the skin. It is so lavishly perfumed that its delightful fragrance lingers long after use.

It is just one of the little luxuries essential to those to whom the refinements of the toilet mean so much.

BOX OF THREE LARGE TABLETS 3/-

THE LAVENDER SERIES also includes Lavender Water 1/10, 3/-, 5/-, 8/6, 10/6, 21/-; Talcum Powder 1/2; Face Powder 2/6; Face Cream 1/6; Bath Salts Tablets 3/-; Shampoo Powder 1/6; Sachets 1/6.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from

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**JEWELS ADORN BEAUTY
BUT PEARLS EXALT IT !**

However beautiful in her own right, a woman becomes more beautiful in pearls, as instantly and as inevitably as the effect of the richest room, or the simplest, is transfigured by the magic beauty of flowers !

Pearls do more than adorn beauty.

THEY EXALT IT !

And that is equally true whether they be Orientals or Tédas.

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NEW-YORK
398, Fifth Avenue

OUR NEW £2,000 COMPETITION

No doubt you have already started your first efforts to gain the wonderful prizes offered to you for the exercise of your artistic skill; but we think it of interest to give you the latest list of what you may win—so here you are:—

LIST OF PRIZES.

First Prize - - £1,000

**2nd Prize.—TWO-SEATER 14/28 H.P. MORRIS-
OXFORD CAR, complete and ready for the road ;
Value £300**

3rd Prize.—£144 Aeolian 'Pianola' Piano.

4th Prize.—£100.

5th Prize.—A Canteen of Community Plate; value £94 10s.

6th Prize.—The marvellous Ciné-Kodak and Kodascópe; value £80.

7th Prize.—Splendid Cliftohone; value £75.

8th Prize.—£50 in Cash,

9th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

10th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

11th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

12th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

13th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

14th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

15th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

16th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

17th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

18th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

19th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

**20th Prize.—A Dressing Case, by Madame Helena Rubinstein, the
noted Beauty Specialist (containing her beauty preparations.)**

**21st Prize.—Ethovox Loud-Speaker for Wireless, by Burndept ;
value £5.**

22nd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

23rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

24th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

25th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

26th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

27th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

28th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

29th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

30th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

31st Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

32nd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

33rd Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

34th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

35th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

36th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

37th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

38th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

39th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

40th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

41st Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

42nd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.

43rd Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

With other Prizes still to be announced,
to bring the Total Value to £2000!

N.B.—The third prize-winner will be given the option whether he will take the £100 in cash or the Pianola Piano, worth £144; in which case the fourth prize-winner will be awarded whichever is not selected. Similarly, the seventh prize-winner will be given the option of taking the £50 or the £75 Cliftohone—the eighth prize-winner taking whichever is not chosen.

We wish again to point out that this does not complete the list of prizes which it is hoped we shall give for this unparalleled trial of skill. Also we should like to impress upon you all the Simplicity of the present contest, as well as the fact that there is **No Entrance Fee.**

Above all, read the conditions on Pages 2 and 3 of the Cover, and remember there is **no limit to the number of the solutions** you may send in. All you have to do is to get your copies of *The Sketch*—as many as you please—put down your order of merit, sign the signature form, and send it all to us.

The Editor cannot enter into ANY correspondence with regard to this Competition.

N.B.—Do not fail to examine Pages 2 and 3 of the Cover of this Issue.



4 R.A.s IN MOTOR SMASH.

LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.

We were discussing this year's pictures when, passing Prince of Wales Gate, Kensington, there came a sudden bang, the car stopped dead, and amid a smashing of glass and a ripping of woodwork we were thrown on top of each other. I was dazed and for a moment did not realise what had happened. Llewellyn was in the same condition. Then we saw that Sir Aston Webb and Sir Luke Pildes were unconscious. Sir William Llewellyn has escaped more lightly than his friends. He was cut about the head by broken glass, but he was not confined to his room. Sir Luke Pildes is suffering from shock and cuts.

In such common accidents as the one illustrated the worst personal injuries are always those caused by fragments of splintered glass.

If your car is fitted with *Triplex* all risk from broken glass is eliminated, because *Triplex* cannot splinter or fly under any circumstances.

Fit Triplex and be Safe

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET—PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Extract from
"The Daily Mail,"
May 5, 1924.

Kennington Service
No. 246.



ENERGY... All of the time he needs energy... When first he finds what fun it is to kick... When, slowly, he spells out for himself the wonder of Robinson Crusoe... When he becomes ambitious to drive a railway train... When he gets his blue in the intervals of swotting for the Little-go... When he takes the reins with surety of grasp... Always energy.

Horlick's Malted Milk gives him energy and to spare. Horlick's builds nerve-force sufficient for the present and gives balance in hand for the future to draw upon. Horlick's makes muscle, brain and nerve to keep him always steady.



At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 & 15/-.
Also served in Restaurants & Cafés of Standing.
Tablets in Flasks, 7½d. and 1/3.

A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded
post free, for 3d. in stamps.
Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough Bucks.

For adults and children. Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness. Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

THE ESCAPE OF VERONICA AND THE HUNGARIAN DANCER.

(Continued from page 574.)

Mrs. Murray's frigid accents. If this Franz were all that Veronica made him out to be—

"There. Opposite." She indicated the box. The tableau was hardly one to propitiate an anxious father. Both the Blue Girl and Nadine were making shameless love to Franz. The Blue Girl was on his knee. Nadine had a perfectly beautiful arm round his neck. Silky-foot, hair rumped and tie awry, was pelting a girl a few feet away with little balls. . . .

"Disgusting!" ejaculated Mrs. Murray. Veronica made a trumpet of her hands. "Fra-anz!" she called.

Franz rose, and, to the despair of his houris, came across to the other box. As he entered the box—"Getting it hot?" he murmured to Veronica, so that only she could hear.

She nodded. "Mummy, daddy, this is Franz, who—who sort of filled your place. He's Gabrielle's uncle."

Franz bowed gravely. Then he shot a keenly attentive look at Colonel Murray. "I hope," he said, "you will forgive my wife and myself for asking your daughter to stay with us till you arrived. We thought it best. A young girl alone at an hotel, you know—"

That was all very well, but it could not eradicate what the Murrays had seen in the box. However, they rather coldly asked him to sit down, and signed to the waiter to pour him out a glass of champagne. Veronica, now that all the fun was over, was looking

rather pale and anxious. She was obviously afraid of her father.

"Forgive me a moment." Franz quitted the box. His subsequent movements were mysterious. He spoke to a waiter, who nodded and hurried away, returning presently with a small packet, which Franz slipped into his pocket. Then, humming an air of Grieg's, the one to which the Blue Girl danced, he sauntered back to the Murrays and sat down next to the Colonel. A waiter brought roses, and Franz bought a big bunch for Mrs. Murray and passed them across to her.

Veronica knew that the storm was merely delayed. While Franz was in the box there would be a simulation of politeness; but when they got home—no more Little Hot Dog, no more Franz, no more fun. And darling-angel mummy's mouth would set like a trap, and she'd say it was high time Vera—how she hated being called Vera!—started some useful work, and they'd take her home to England and make her be a typist or something equally loathsome.

Veronica stole a look at Franz, who smiled reassuringly, then got up again and took her father out of the box. They were gone nearly ten minutes. . . .

"What on earth did you do to daddy?" questioned Veronica. She and Bela and Franz were back in their box at the Little Hot Dog the following night. The drum was yearning up at them with a Swanee whistle, the waiter with the military moustache was opening the third bottle of champagne, the Blue Girl was sitting on a table surrounded by four adoring

men, the saxophone moaned, the fiddles sobbed.

"Oh, Limehouse kid, Going the way—that the rest of 'em did."

"Ai-eee!" murmured Niki, breathing in the atmosphere of it all with a sigh of contentment. "He was perfectly sweet to me last night, Franz. There was no row, and he said I could come here as much as I liked if I were with you and Bela, and we're going riding in the Prater. What did you do?"

"I reminded your father, dear Niki, of his singular indifference to pepper."

"But—"

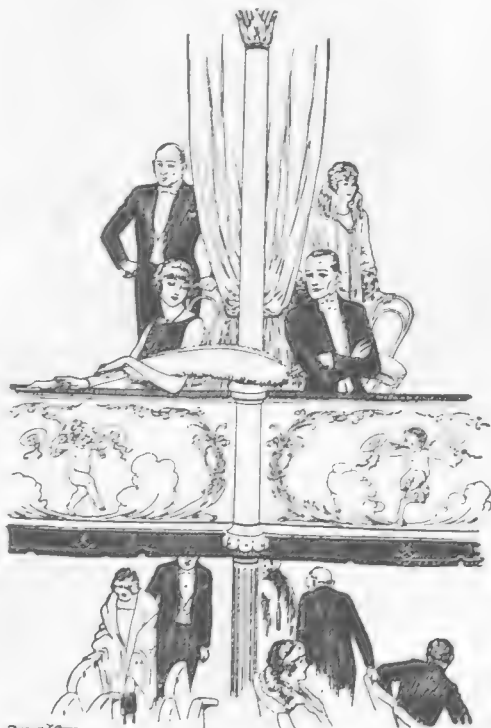
"As I passed the roses to your mother, I tipped some into his champagne—the waiter had just got it for me—and he drank it without twitching a muscle. Do you remember a story I once told you about a gay young Englishman who fought a duel with a Spaniard about a dancer, and who possessed the strange peculiarity of being unable to taste pepper? And how he killed the Spaniard, and one Franz had to get him over the frontier, quick? That Englishman was a certain Lieutenant Murray, of the 24th Hussars. I never knew his name then, but I felt sure I wasn't mistaken when I saw him last night. The pepper made it a certainty, so I reminded him of when he too had been young and reckless and hot-blooded, and—I don't think you'll hear any more about the 'Shimmy Eccentrique,' Niki."

"Dear Franz!" murmured Niki; and "Darling-angel daddy! To think of him—twenty years ago—going the way that the rest of 'em did!" [THE END.]

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

By Appointment to H.M. King of Spain



Seent per Seent

LONGEVITY and LINGERIE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a subtle scheme of creation that man and woman should contrast in their method and application of thought. It is the inspiration of allurements. In methods they agree artistically to differ, and only in the great emotions to converge.

There is a no more horrifying thought than to endeavour to conceive a world without woman—unless it be the desolation of a world of women unable to conceive man.

In the present crude stage of development man is master of the arts, and woman mistress of artifice. So woman provides a relaxation for the artist, and reproduces him.

Only fanatics seek to destroy illusion. Abnormality is disastrous. When woman threatens to become masculine and man feminine, cannibalism should be considered a virtue, and the manly woman should be encouraged to consume the flesh of the womanly man.

All of which has but little bearing upon that which I originally intended to write; my subject, for the moment, being clothes.

The modern woman realises that the decoration of her clothes inspires emotion, and the modern man, adopting a sacrificial attitude, adorns her frailty in fragile strips of crêpe-de-Chine, and wraps his own innate modesty in textures of durability.

Man, when he buys clothing, asks: "Is it durable?"—wondering sadly "Will it endure?" Woman asks: "Is it attractive?"—meaning "Will it allure?" Here, again, are two points of view which will inevitably converge.

In my rare moments of tax depression, I have found myself imagining a world of feminine men, who would buy and discard clothes with a feminine prodigality. But my masculinity asserts itself and gets the better of my commercial instinct. Besides, the world is sufficiently impossible as it is.

The psychologist judges by the unseen. So, in this cameo essay, let us consider underclothes: For the winter, which, in England, is eleven months of the year, I, like, many other men, buy suits comprising pants and pseudo-modest vests of the heaviest manufactured silk. These two garments cost about £14, but considering that they represent the effort of a thousand million silkworms, the worms may consider themselves a sweated industry. But a few suits last me several years, therefore the durability represents an economy in pinky unnoticeability.

Women don't commit these dull stupidities, they despise longevity in garments. They inspire one or two delicate little silkworms to weave a diaphanous garment of dreams, which will live its life in a few golden moments, and disappear in a flame.

* * * * *
So it is with the outer coverings. The reason the proprietor of Pope and Bradley is not a multi-millionaire is easily explainable by two primary material defects. First, he is an artist, and, secondly, the clothes his house makes possess a masculine durability and don't wear out fast enough. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

An original and interesting booklet on men's fashions will be forwarded on application.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
211 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



"THEY were like to garments," said good Queen Bess, of some regulations imposed upon her officers—"strait at first, but did by-and-by wear loose enough."

There are hats like that. There are other hats which involve no period of irksome apprenticeship—hats which both fit and befit from first to last. That is to say, there are

Lincoln Bennett Silk Hats are priced at 50/-, 42/- and 35/-

Soft Felt Hats, made from Nutria, Hares' and Coney Furs, 42/-, 35/-, 30/-, 25/- and 21/-. Write for interesting booklet—"Felt Hats, and what they are made of."

Ladies' Tailored and Sports Hats form an important department of all Lincoln Bennett Hat Shops. The above example—an "all occasion" Felt Model at 45/-—is selected from a wide range of styles and prices. Write for Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

HATS of Character and Reputation

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1; 5 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4; 52 KING STREET, MANCHESTER; AND 27 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW

Agents throughout the Kingdom



BY APPOINTMENT



NOVEL NOTES.

ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT. By WARRINGTON DAWSON. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d.)

The adventures set forth in this story are enough to give anyone a nightmare, or several nightmares. All the same, it is a cleverly handled book, and if you are out for sensation, do not fail to visit the chateau of Mr. Dawson's creation, where secret passages, trap-doors, sliding panels, and all the machinery of mystery suggest a new version of the Mysteries of Udolpho. A mad marquis, who amused himself condemning his enemies to the block, together with a mad executioner, complete as fitted, and a bad, beautiful Spanish woman do not exhaust all the attractions of this "buggy" tale.

C. By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann; 15s.)

This must be classed with novels, but it is a novel of portentous length and unusual price. The large canvas does not suit Mr. Baring so well as the small, in which he has scored his chief successes. It is the life-history of Caryl Bransley ("C") son of Lord and Lady Hengrave. He was a boy of curious promise, never to be fulfilled. His creator takes him laboriously through his childhood, his schooldays at Eton, a period of study at Versailles and in Germany, and then, by an unexpected turn of fortune, to Oxford. C went to X college, easily recognisable by Mr. Baring's vignette of the Master, who looked "like a white owl," did not put his pupil at his ease, and said finally, "Good-night, Mr. Bransley. Read Boswell." C goes into the diplomatic service and sees many adventures, amatory and spiritual. Although the pictures of Society

are inevitably shrewd and penetrating, Mr. Baring's touch seems here to miss its old lightness, perhaps because his method is too diffuse, his stage too crowded.

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR. By CYRIL HUME. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Jeffrey Dwyer, the centaur of the story, was a young poet afflicted with an amatory disposition. Any plot there is turns upon his struggle with his inclinations. Dwyer is in love with and is beloved by Joan, and the pre-nuptial condition is brought into contrast with the post-nuptial in a series of striking episodes and situations. Finally the centaur tendencies are brought to heel by the hero's own self-discipline. The book contains passages of extreme frankness, somewhat over-frank at times, but for all that it is a work of power—perhaps of genius, although it is a genius that has not as yet quite found itself.

THE GIRL IN THE FOG. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

The "London particular" has often done duty as the cloak of crime. Here it is worked in an unusually creepy fashion and is made almost a character in the story. There are no fewer than three men of blood—one a deaf and dumb Hercules—all intent on their particular villainy and carefully calculating the onset of the atmospheric curtain which shall help their project. Add to these a fascinating fair criminal called Naida, who with her other accomplishments combines that of skill on the violin, and you have crime tempered (slightly) by humane art. Needless to say, the police have a look in, and here is a very pretty piece of sensation, which you may not be able to swallow in all its details, but which gives you a good run for

your money. And that, in a shocker, is all you want.

FINE FEATHERS. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Baynes (so called) was a very bad man, and his wickedness at last earned him a period of "time." He did not sin under his own name, and so his wife hoped that the world would not identify the alleged Mr. Baynes with the person he really was, namely, John Ayrton. Here, needless to say, is scope for the blackmailer, who enters in the person of one Henry Holroyd. But as Mr. Holroyd loved Enid, the daughter of Ayrton, his position as blower of the gaff was delicate. It became less delicate when Enid chucked him, and so frustrated his ambitions to improve his social position. Disappointed, he blackmailed merrily and otherwise did evilly. This was rough on Enid, but Fate was kind to her in the end. Fine feathers may not make very fine birds, but Mr. Le Queux's cageful has points for those who don't mind a little unreality in their fiction.

GRAVEN IMAGE. By MARGARET WIDENER. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)

A neat little skit on family pride and self-complacency. The Gaylords worshipped their own very faulty image. This was not altogether metaphorical, for they possessed an Egyptian idol which serves allegorical purposes. The story descends to the second generation and involves the fortunes of the Gaylord sons and their cousins, the Western girls, who intermarry with good and bad results. One young Gaylord sees through the hollowness of his kinsfolk's conceit, and this leads to a welcome touch of relief. The story looks bald when sketched here in outline, but the author's handling makes it worth reading.

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The basis of its formula is a delectable Oriental *joysome* consisting of fruits and spices crushed with sugar-cane.

This delicacy was a great favourite in Far Eastern Royal Courts thousands of years ago, and there is evidence that it was known, at least in a modified form, to the Greeks in those happy days when a goat and a basket of Attic figs was as yet the prize in contests.

It was certainly imported, in the fullness of perfection, into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Doubtless Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and other great luminaries of that age appreciated it—it touched them with poetic power.

On festival occasions it was diffused through water, and in this form received many fanciful names, all suggestive of Health and Song, and the Mystic Moon.

Long afterwards the discovery of the effervescing principle of champagne by van Helmont, and the subsequent work of Priestley, Lavoisier, Black, and others, turned men's thoughts to the

production of sparkling non-alcoholic beverages, and, appropriately enough, Ireland, with its lovely skies and pure crystal waters, became the centre of a great industry.

Starting with a vision, the Messrs. Ross, Belfast, built a factory to protect and preserve their own deep underground springs of peerless water, and very quickly indeed the name of Ross became famous throughout the world in association with *the best non-alcoholic beverage* ever devised by man.

Delicious fruits, fragrant spices, refined cane-sugar, pure natural water, and the sparkling spirit of champagne—all brought together by the progressive skill of three generations of one family—produce a beverage which must surely suggest a bunch of the choicest of *Time's roses*.

Ross's Ginger Ale undoubtedly adds to the agreeableness of life.

Pour it briskly into a pint glass and notice its delicate bouquet—sweeter than the breath of the brier, the beaded bubbles bursting with fragrance at the brim, and the aroma of ginger stealing through all like the rich mellow notes of the 'cello in orchestral music.

Its purity and wholesomeness commend it as the best beverage for all those who have something to do in the world, and for the Home Circle when the day is done—it quenches thirst, charms away the feeling of fatigue, gives stamina, and convinces you that the end of the British Empire is not yet—not yet.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LIII.

THE DISCARD.

THE discard is one of the most difficult parts of defensive bridge. Also, and this is the worst of it, it is tedious, irritating, dull. I know no more wearisome form of amusement than to select so many cards from your own hand to throw away on dummy's or his partner's run-off of a long suit.

In the old days there were two schools for the discard—one that discarded from weakness (*i.e.*, from that suit which was not wanted as a lead; this left partner guessing as to which of the other two he should lead when he got in), and the other that discarded from strength (meaning that that was the suit to be led by partner at the earliest opportunity). To a certain very limited extent, the strength and weakness discard is still in use; but now the majority of bridge-players have come to the conclusion that it is quite impossible to lay down any form of hard-and-fast rule for the discard, and, indeed, that it is quite unnecessary to have any such rule. We have as a guide the bidding, our partner's original lead, the play to the first few tricks, and, of course, what we see on the table, which is the real guide, if guide there may be, towards the correct discard. This is a round-about way of saying that at auction the one and only guide to aid the discard is common-sense—common card-sense.

But there are one or two tips that may help players. Here they are. Read them, consider them, but don't, whatever you do, look upon them in the light of golden rules,



GIVER OF A RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL :
MISS DOROTHY BENNETT.

Miss Dorothy Bennett, the well-known young vocalist, gave a successful recital at the Æolian Hall on Friday, June 6. Her programme was an excellent one, and included songs by Bach, Handel, and Meyerbeer, as well as examples of the work of such modern composers as Arnold Bax and Cyril Scott.

or *jeu de règles*, for they are nothing of the kind—I do not attempt the impossible; so, having read what I have to say on the subject, if you don't like it, cut it out of your game, there will be no harm done.

In the first place, your discard should be made with one (or indeed all) of these objects : (a) To save the game ; (b) To save a slam ; (c) To get opponent down on his contract. Secondly, the discard depends upon, and varies according to whether you are playing against a suit or no-trump declare. This is very important, and is well worthy of consideration.

Do you follow the point ? It is simple enough. Say, playing with trumps, you have a suit established, but declarer still has some trumps left, then discard every one of that suit—they're no good—they're all winners, but none will win a trick ; keep instead anything else you may have guarded, and keep it well guarded ; keep a guarded ten or nine, which may be useful—indeed, a ten-spot but twice guarded wins a trick more often than you give it credit for, and has saved, if kept guarded, many a game. If you can possibly help it, never bare a suit entirely ; if you hold but four, three, two of a suit, keep that four ; if not, you may give the hand away, and make opponent's game too easy ; never bare an ace if you can help it—under normal conditions I would rather unguard a king than bare my ace card.

But if it's no-trumps you are playing, hang on like grim death to this established suit of yours, the more especially if your partner has one left to put you in with.

(Continued overleaf.)

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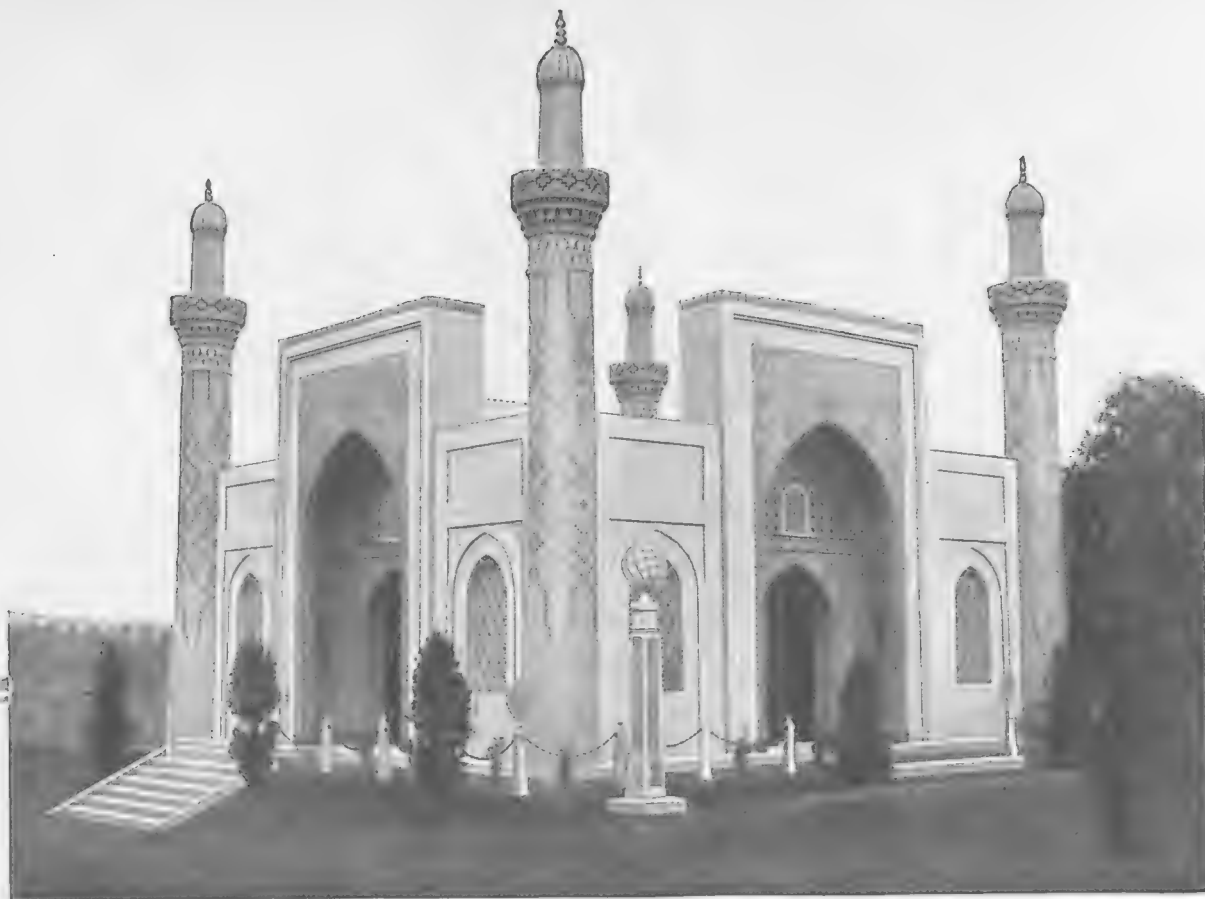
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(Continued)

Now throw away everything else, unguard queens, knaves, tens; let the ace be bare; unguard your king if necessary; that is to say, if the only way to save the game is to bring in that long suit. Remember, if you can make four tricks for certain but no more by keeping something guarded, while you can make five and save the game by throwing the guard and trusting to partner to stop a rush and bring in your suit, it is a bridge crime to discard your winners. How often do we hear the remark: "Oh, partner, if only I had known you had that ace (or king), I might have unguarded my queen and saved the game with my good clubs." And what a stupid remark it is, too; in nine cases out of ten that guarded queen was no good anyway, unless partner *did* hold the ace (or king), while in any event the winning of a trick with said queen will not save game, so why worry to keep it guarded at all? I firmly believe the keeping of that queen guarded loses more tricks than any other form of fool play—that is, at no-trumps. It is, I suppose, on all fours with hanging on to that established suit when there are trumps—that play loses a terrible lot of games, too.

Consider this simple situation—

(Dummy)—

SPADES—Kn, 9.
HEARTS—K, 10, 8.

(Your hand)—

SPADES—None.
HEARTS—Q, Kn, 9.
CLUBS—Kn, 9.

It is no-trumps. Your clubs are good, and your partner has one to lead; but you know nothing about hearts. Dummy is in

and sets about making his spades, which are the last two. To save the game you want three more tricks. How do you discard? Well, your only hope is that your partner has the ace of hearts, so you must throw yours off. That is case (a) in above. If your partner has no club, you must still play the same game, the hope being that you get in on the queen of hearts and make the clubs. If two tricks save the game, play in the same way. If you can make two you can make three tricks—see that? If the game cannot be saved and it is a matter of making what you can, then keep your hearts, as in case (b) in above. If one trick saves the game, or gets opponent down, why, obviously you throw your clubs. I take it it is hardly necessary to say that had spades been trumps under similar conditions, you would always discard your clubs.

Here is a slightly more complicated position. Score—love-all. A deals and bids one no-trump. Y, "No." B, two hearts. You (Z), three clubs. A, two no-trumps. End. Your partner, Y, leads the six of clubs; A (declarer) wins the trick with the ace, and proceeds to make four diamonds, winning the last one in dummy. What would you discard, assuming your and dummy's hands were—

Dummy—

SPADES—9, 8, 7.
HEARTS—K, Q, 10, 9, 8.
CLUBS—10.
DIAMONDS—Q, 9, 8, 7.

Your hand—

SPADES—K, 2.
HEARTS—Kn, 6, 5, 4.
CLUBS—K, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
DIAMONDS—2.

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

A Reverie by the Seine.

It is already so hot that the best way round Paris is along the circumference of the largest circle that you can find in a few hours' journey and at least fifty miles from the centre of the town; and I am writing these lines on the banks of the Seine, with my fancy languidly stirred to an historic patriotism by the contemplation of the Castle of Richard Cœur de Lion on the chalk cliff across the river. The place suggests all sorts of reflections. One is that the whirligig of time has brought the Seine back to its own in commercial importance. The expense of railway transport has brought back to it a great part of the commercial traffic between Paris and other countries, and long strings of loaded barges towed one behind the other are an almost continuous feature of the landscape. Most of the British coal comes to Paris in this way; and, in fact, the Seine is almost as much an essential artery of trade as it was when Richard could hold up the foreign commerce of the country by blockading the river from his Chateau Gaillard. Another link between Les Andelys and England is that in a village not two miles away are grown nearly all the cherries which are the first of the year in Covent Garden Market; and the inhabitants, who can speak no English, count their crop by the number of "baskettes" it makes and their price in shillings.

The French Bourgeois on Holiday.

Another minor merit of Les Andelys is the opportunity which it affords of studying the customs of the French middle-class holiday-maker. The

(Continued overleaf.)

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Women need no longer endure the annoyance of excessive perspiration. It is possible to have complete relief from the embarrassment and discomfort which it causes—harmlessly and easily.

A slight continuous perspiration over the entire body is natural and is necessary to health, but extreme perspiration of one part of the body, such as the underarms, is due to local irregularities of the sweat glands. The underarm perspiration glands are very sensitive and easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness.



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Continued.

Frenchman always likes to dress the part. So, of course, does the Englishman, who would hardly dare to go shooting in the wrong sort of tweeds or to play golf in the wrong sort of plus-fours. The Frenchman, however, always seems conscious, first of all, of the theatrical effect rather than the appropriateness of his summer costume. There is sense in the low-necked tennis shirt, within limits; but the party on an electric launch on the river whom I saw yesterday, all—men and women—dressed in white-flannel sailor shirts and yachting caps, suggested nothing more river-like than a revue chorus. The truth is that the always charming and always entertaining Parisienne is not at her best in the country. She cannot resist the temptation to bring her *chic* with her. Her attitude of mind is well illustrated by the invention with which an enterprising French manufacturer is said to be making a fortune this year. It occurred to him how disappointed the ladies must be at the seaside to find that, although they could wear their jewels up and down the *plage*—or, as you would say, the parade—they cannot take them into the water. So he has set himself to turn out ear pendants, rings, and necklaces all adapted to this special purpose. They are brilliantly coloured and they are almost like the real thing—but they are made of indiarubber!

Back to Paris. But we must get back to Paris. Do you know the Cadum baby? If you have ever been to Paris, you can hardly forget it. On hoardings of enormous size, painted laboriously in

of a definitely more feminine seductiveness. Does this mean that Cadum is no longer a business proposition? By no means so. Its proprietor, however, has fallen a victim to charms which you can call more mature or less mature, according to whether you consider the Cadum baby to represent a child or an old man of ninety. They are those of the lady who appears on the music-hall stage as the living doll, and it is at her disposal that is now put the publicity which was created for soap.

The Negro Deputy's Mot.

M. Cadic, the Breton Deputy, who turned up at the first meeting of the new Chamber in the historic costume of his province, has not created a precedent. That sort of thing has been done before—don't forget Keir Hardie and his deerstalker cap. It was even done at this same meeting of the Chamber by the Communist Deputy, André Marty—I don't think he would like to be called "Monsieur"—who arrived the first day wearing a flannel shirt without collar or tie, with a cloth cap upon his head. Of course, it is one way of advertising yourself and your party; but Marty, who is very intelligent and very earnest, might easily think of a better. It is indeed said that he already regrets the costume—or shall we say, rather, the *déshabille*?—and has been

[Continued overleaf.]



THE CHILDREN OF A WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL MANAGER: THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. H. M. THORBURN.

Our photograph shows the children of the late Mr. H. M. Thorburn, for twelve years manager of the Playhouse. The fund raised amongst the theatrical friends of Mr. Thorburn for the education of his son and daughter has now reached the sum of over £500.

oils, it sits in all its disproportionately adipose nudity and throws down towards the street its hideous smile of senile imbecility. These wall spaces are now being covered over by another figure, with another smile,

your party; but Marty, who is very intelligent and very earnest, might easily think of a better. It is indeed said that he already regrets the costume—or shall we say, rather, the *déshabille*?—and has been

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(Continued.)

telling his friends that he adopted it for a bet. The wittiest thing about the whole business has, however, been said by the negro Deputy, M. Diagne, who represents one of the colonies—for the colonies all send Members to the central Parliament. "If we are all to attend the sittings of the Chamber in the costume of our ancestors," he remarked, "it will be rather embarrassing for me."

Advance Plans for the Theatres.

We have come to the time when the most interesting thing to be said about the theatres is to tell you a few things that will happen next season. Max Dearly is to return for a short time to the music-hall stage, and will appear at the Alhambra. The Palais Royal will produce a new farce by Pierre Véber. It must be about his two hundredth. It will be called "Le Monsieur de Cinq Heures," and Brasseur, who is in his right place in this theatre, will take the chief part in it. The rebuilding of the Apollo is nearly complete, and the legal quarrels over its tenancy are at an end. We are told that in the autumn it will be a permanent home of comic opera. Messenger's next comic opera, on the other hand, is to appear at the Bouffes Parisiens. Two other pieces of information which, if they are not exactly new, are still news: Grock is still looking for a new partner to suit him, and Mistinguett will really appear in Paris for a short time before going back to America to earn dollars that would be untold if her publicity agents were not always telling us about them. It appears, however, that the favoured theatre will be the Palace, and not the Casino de Paris.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"FASHION ROW."

(PREMIER RUN AT THE TIVOLI.)

WHAT a delightful comedy has gone astray in "Fashion Row"! It might have been another "Woman of Paris," with satirical side-lights on the chase of Royalty and the gullibility of mankind! Instead, it has developed into melodrama with the violent climax of a man-fight and the heroine shot by the villain, though here and there humour peeps out, not only to relieve the situation, but, as I see it, to show us what might have been. "Fashion Row" is the story of a Russian gipsy who, having developed into a fashionable actress, poses as a Russian Princess, and is thus accepted, not only by the public, but also by the blue-blooded mamma of the exclusive young man she marries. But Nemesis, in the shape of a Russian peasant, emerges from her passionate past. His scarred face bears the mark of the Russian "Princess's" wrath, and he seeks revenge. With him on the emigrant ship comes a little peasant girl—the "Princess's" younger sister, who is eventually used by the revengeful Russian as a bait to lure his victim to his lair. The story that begins so well and promises originality is thus eventually content to run along a more or less beaten track. It is very beautifully staged, with judicious light effects and fine interiors. It has the added attraction of presenting Miss Mae Murray to her countless admirers in two sharply contrasted parts—the pseudo-Princess and her innocent little sister: the first all Muscovite

mobility, black goliwog coiffure and temperament to match; the second, blonde, wide-eyed, and somewhat stolid. The differentiation is extremely clever; so, too, is her producer. But oh for a touch of true nature to reach out to our hearts! As the luxurious Princess of the clinging draperies and heavy furs, Miss Murray adopts a Nazimova method; as the little sister she uses a Lillian Gish method—both exaggerated into something just a degree beyond reality. But there is no denying her personality—queer, exotic, with hands that curl and flutter like the hands of the elegant ladies in Japanese prints. If she does not move us—frankly, she does not move me one jot—she does not bore us, and thus she is entitled to the limelight so skilfully concentrated on her graceful, feline little person.

"BUSTER KEATON."

Buster Keaton is making good his position in the front rank of screen comedians. There are no two opinions about his popularity—everybody likes him, yet it is exceedingly difficult to say wherein his charm and his laughter-compelling powers lie. He never smiles, he hardly ever moves a muscle of his face, he relies to a great extent on mechanical devices in his absurdities, yet he is irresistibly funny and—better still—he always enlists our sympathy. Certainly, the tricks and twists or what has come to be called a Buster Keaton comedy are amazingly clever and happily found, but it is Buster's comic genius that inspires the whole thing. See him in his dream, after an evening in "The Haunted House" (which enjoyed a premier run at the Tivoli), ascending an endless staircase to heaven in a little

(Continued overleaf)


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I trust the evidence I have advanced from Shakespeare has been sufficient to demonstrate that

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I PROPOSE now to follow with a few historical references which may prove interesting. Meanwhile, may I venture to remind you that the Pastilles are priced at 1/- per tin from all chemists, or they will be sent, post free, on receipt of remittance.

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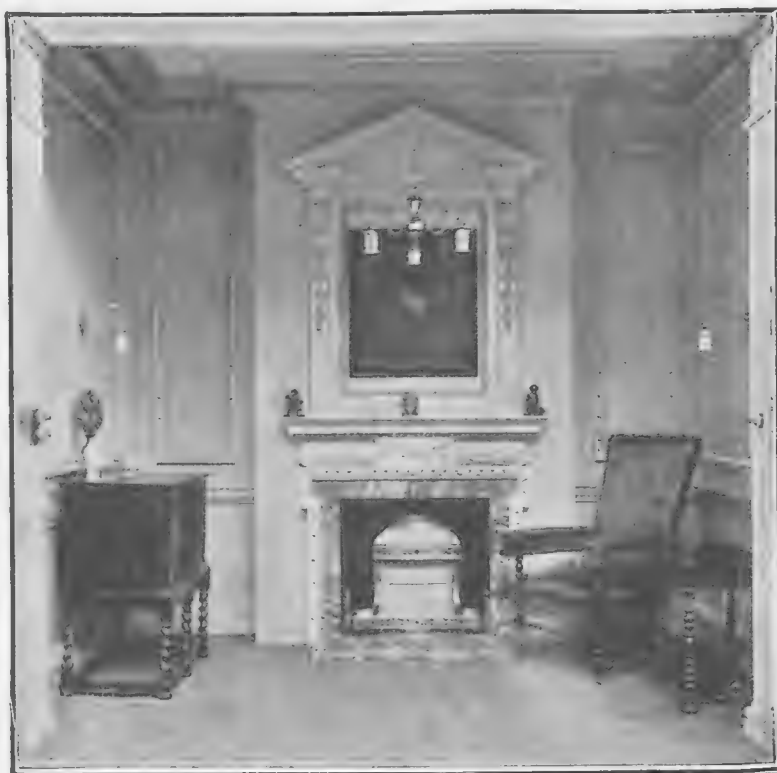
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a splendid setting for the radiant gas fire in its antique silvered metal frame. The chief pieces of furniture comprise a Queen Anne walnut chest with four drawers, made about 1710, a William and Mary style armchair in old red brocatelle and a small Jacobean walnut table with turned legs and shaped stretchers, circa 1680.

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(Continued.)

nightie and a tiny straw hat, with an escort of youthful angels. He climbs and climbs to the lofty gates, only to be rejected by Peter, who works a lever (an echo, this, of "The Haunted House"), the staircase straightens out, and down the slide goes Buster, 'way down into hell, arriving with a plomp and an aggrieved look of injured innocence! It is an inspiration! I think it is Buster's air of resignation to the buffets of an unkind fate, the wonder in his eloquent eyes—those expressive eyes of his in which all his feelings are reflected—and his indomitable way of "seeing this thing through" that endear him to the heart of the public. Certain it is that Buster Keaton comedies are always worth seeing, and that old and young alike surrender to their ingenious fun.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

(RELEASED JUNE 16.)

David Belasco's famous story has come to us in many forms—as stage play, between the covers of a book, and as the libretto for a famous opera. It now completes the round by arriving on the screen, where it provides excellent entertainment of a familiar kind. What is the secret of its success? As in "Tiger-Rose," we get a conflict between a loving and loyal girl and a minion of the law for the life of the man she loves. Nothing very new about that. The struggle is marked, of course, by all sorts of dramatic situations and breathless moments, but I believe its real interest lies in the masterly character-drawing of the heroine and of her opponent, the sheriff. For the girl, who has inherited the Poker Saloon in a typical Californian mining settlement, is an extraordinary mixture

of innocence and knowledge, gentleness and will-power. She handles the rough men who are her daily customers with the coolness bred of complete insight. They respect her and obey her. Yet so unsophisticated is she that she invites the man with whom she has fallen in love at first sight to visit her in her lonely hut, and allows him to share the living-room with her when a storm imprisons him for the night. An old Indian woman in the only other room the cabin boasts promises but poor protection should the man—a notorious bandit—take advantage of the situation. He does not, and we are quite convinced that he would not—not because of what he is, but because of the girl. When later the sheriff discovers and wounds his quarry in the girl's hut, she dominates the situation again. For she appeals, not to the sheriff's love for her, but to his second passion—cards. The sheriff is a born gambler, and agrees. That midnight game of poker for the unconscious prize lying at their feet is superbly handled by producer and artists alike, and forms the climax of the drama. The girl wins, and anon, when the mob is about to lynch the man, the sheriff remembers his bargain; he has always played straight, always boasted of walking "face to the sun." Mindful of that boast, he restores his rival to the girl's arms.

It is a human and strangely convincing story. I say "strangely," because it is stuck full of well-known tricks—the drop of blood oozing from the loft above betraying the hero's hiding-place; the infatuated and, of course, Spanish dancing girl, whose jealousy hands the hero over to his pursuers; the hero himself, the conventional Claud Duval

of a hundred romances. It is a pity, by the way, that the Californian highwayman is not permitted to do anything to win our regard beyond being a handsome fellow with a way with him, and showing exemplary discretion when the girl goes to bed in his presence. We have to take his word for it that the sight of the girl revolutionises his whole moral outlook and just hope for the best. Fortunately, Mr. J. Warren Kerrigan, who plays this picturesque adventurer, is sufficiently attractive to reap the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Russell Simpson as the gambling sheriff is admirable: right in type, right in manner, making no bid for sympathy, yet winning it for the straight-dealing man he is. As for Miss Sylvia Breamer, she enchanted me, so simple, natural, and single-minded is the character she creates. The film, which unfolds its story amidst beautiful scenery, is capably directed by Edwin Carewe, who from the outset strikes the note of quick passion, rough chivalry, and rougher justice such as we imagine it in the early days of the gold rush.

"TIGER-ROSE."

(MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.)

The melodrama "Tiger-Rose," with its temperamental little heroine and its atmosphere of the Canadian backwoods, was destined from the first to find its way to the screen. The wonder is that it has taken such a long time getting there. Its success on the stage both in London and America was undeniable, yet here, for once, is a play which belongs in plot as in development to the world of the cinema. It is an out-door

[Continued overleaf.]



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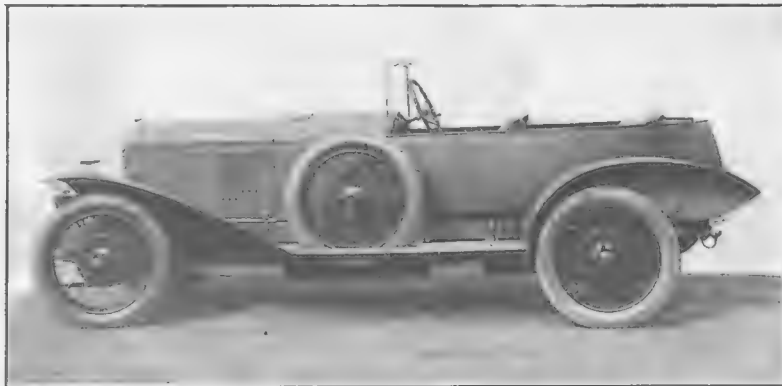


Continued.

play, a play of action and heroics; cleverly contrived though it was for stage purposes, it seems to heave a sigh of relief in casting off the limitations of the theatre and expanding to its full extent in the wider domain of the screen.

There is nothing particularly original in "Tiger-Rose." It is the story of a foundling girl who becomes the pet of a remote trading post. She will have nothing to do with any of the backwoods Romeos, however, until one day she loses her heart for good and all to a young engineer. He perpetrates a

Northwest Mounted Police, who is determined to carry out his duty, forms the crux of the drama. The end, as we see it on the screen, is rather abrupt; but the film itself has been excellently produced by Sydney Franklin, amidst scenery of rare beauty, which owes



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plucky little heroine with her flower-like beauty and impulsive nature. Excellently supported by Forrest Stanley



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much to the fine camera-craft of Tian Risher. Lenore Ulric repeats her great stage success in the part of the wayward,

as Sergeant Devlin and Theodor von Eltz as the engineer, Miss Ulric achieves a very delightful and convincing character-study.

The remarkable series of Anaglyphs which has recently been appearing in the *Illustrated London News*, and has roused so much interest, is being continued this week, and readers of our sister illustrated paper will be able to see famous golfers—Mr. Tolley, Mr. Holderness, the amateur champion; and Mr. Wethered—through the magical green and red masks.

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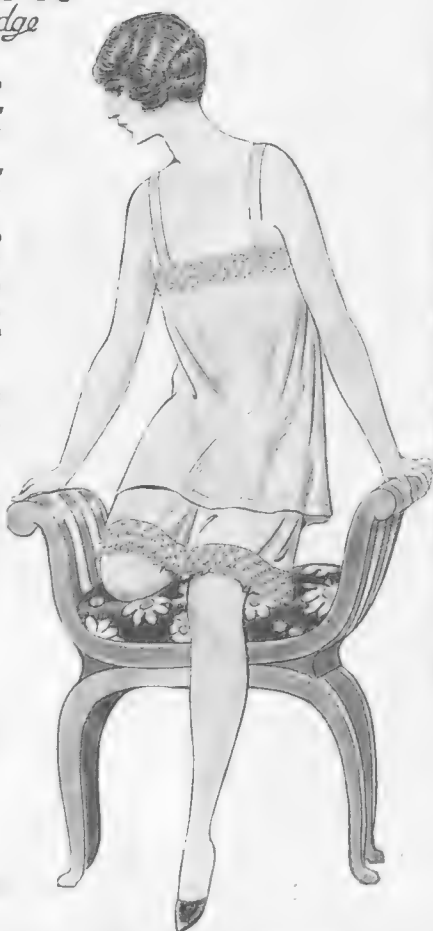
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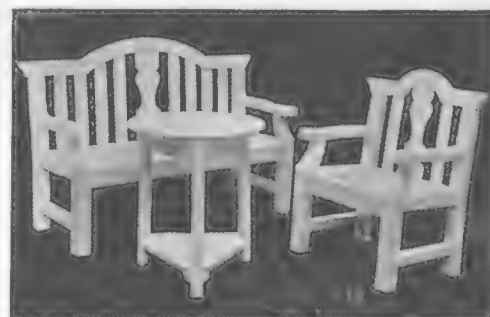
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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

IN spite of all the brilliant private dances which are taking place nightly, we still go to the Embassy, which has a wonderful power of attracting the best-dressed women of smart Society, and one is always certain of seeing the very latest modes within its cosy interior. The other night Lord and Lady Westmorland were there, the latter in a very charming specimen of the printed chiffon frock. It was in a shade of wine-red, with a softly falling skirt of irregular length, and a bodice with a deep point back and front. She and her husband were dancing together, and looked very happy in each other's company. Dining at another table were Captain and Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford with some friends, and were afterwards joined by Mrs. Dudley Coats. Mrs. de Trafford was one of several wearers of bright red, and Mrs. Coats had on a short and narrow dress of black with red-and-gold embroideries. Mrs. Coats, by the way, is allowing her shingled hair to grow. It is just beginning to lengthen, and has to have the ends carefully folded over.

The return of Grand Guignol to town was a very popular dramatic event of last week, and I expect that we shall all find time to go to the Comedy sooner or later, and shudder and thrill over the four-play bill. The *première* gathered a tremendously well-dressed and interesting audience. Tinsel cloaks and shingled heads were all the wear that night, which proves that the company were of the most fashionable. Miss Marie Tempest, as dainty and bird-like as ever; Miss Julia Neilson, sumptuous in a white fur cloak edged with skunk, and wearing perfectly huge ear-rings of terra-cotta coloured enamel with a Wedgwood design; and

Miss Gertrude Jennings, author of "Five Birds in a Cage," "The Young Person in Pink," and other witty plays—were among the theatrical celebrities in the stalls. Miss Jennings had a floral wreath arranged on her unbobbed hair, which was rolled in to look like that of a Florentine page. The style suits her admirably, and is most original.

Lady Alexander was a conspicuous figure, as she wore a silver tinsel bandeau of glittering, almost cracker-like material in her white hair; Lady (Landon) Ronald was wrapped in a gay green scarf; and Mrs. Lionel Harris was one of the most decorative women present in a cloak adorned with a huge billowing rose-pink feather collar and with a close-fitting bandeau of seed pearls and pink beads swathed closely round her neatly dressed head.

Those who have refused to be rooted from England during the past month may have enjoyed a round of wondrous social engagements, but they have missed nearly all the sunshine. Only the other day, when June was doing her very worst, I slipped across the Channel and found that at Pourville, at least, she was behaving quite reasonably. One could sun-bathe, play lawn-tennis, and lounge delightfully in quite amiable weather, and I came back reinforced and almost able to face the rigours of our English summer.

The people to be seen about at the little French society playground were mostly French, of course, at the moment, although Mr. Carlyle Blackwell, the well-known film producer and star, was one of the visitors. He, by the way, has just gone off to Paris to film "Two Little Vagabonds." But, to return to the French, how admirably the women of the Latin races wear their country clothes, and how unself-consciously they can

come down and walk about after having invented quite new and individual methods of wearing Apache scarves in turban style on their heads! Even the tiniest girls, by the way, follow Fashion's latest edicts, and one sees little mites in pleated skirts, just like their mothers', and with "coster" hand-kies tied round their necks in the approved style of the moment!

One of the attractions of Pourville is the out-of-doors dancing floor where one may fox-trot at tea time; and there are splendid professional ball-room dancers to be seen in the evenings. Some of them come from the famous "Perroquet" in Paris, and others are Australian. Chilly bathers can be happy there too, for there is a handy cocktail bar where one may slip in and get a warming drink after one's morning swim.

The behaviour of June—the merry month of roses, strawberries-and-cream, Ascot, and other delights—has not up to date been exactly cheering, and those who are feeling that they need a little something to buck them up and make them feel gay again will be glad to hear that the fifth of the Bonzo portfolios is now on sale, and is guaranteed to make anyone forget the weather. Bonzo, the famous Studdy dog, is now a public character, and may claim to be the only dog in the world to have been so frequently painted and to have had so large and so comic a variety of adventures in his life. The latest volume immortalising his escapades contains eight Bonzo pictures in colour, and shows him in various episodes—some merry, from Bonzo's point of view, and some tragic, but all highly entertaining. The portfolio is priced at 3s. 6d., and is confidently recommended as a tonic for drooping spirits damped or sobered by the vagaries of June.

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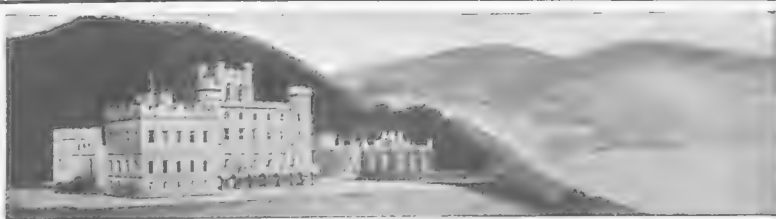
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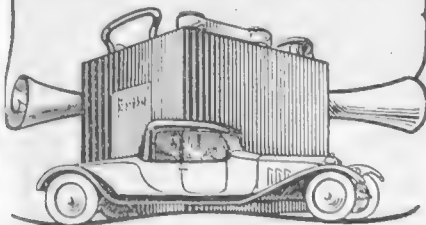
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Solved by E. BUERGI, M.D.

(Professor of Medicine and Director of Studies at the University of Berne.)

REMARKABLE tribute has been paid by the Medical World to Dr. E. Buergi, the eminent Scientist, for his wonderful discovery of Phyllosan. Hailed as one of the greatest achievements in the annals of medical history, and as bearing "the stamp of genius," Phyllosan is neither a stimulant, a patent medicine nor a drug, but a highly scientific extract, the outcome of years of persistent research.

The Medical, Scientific and Lay Press in all parts of the World have acknowledged its virtues and have published innumerable reports of the searching tests that have been conducted in the most noted of Hospitals and Private Practices. One of London's Leading Physicians, A. W. Fuller, M.D. (formerly Medical Resident Officer, Royal Waterloo Hospital), has declared in the *Medical World* :—

"It has been widely used, and Physicians agree as to its value. The improvement under its use is marked and progressive."

Phyllosan is certainly the greatest specific yet discovered for enriching the blood, strengthening resistance against disease, building up body tissue and eliminating the physical signs of advancing years.

By its remarkable chemical structure Phyllosan possesses the properties of restoring to normal all physical and vital forces by replacing the deficiencies in blood constituents.

The composition is represented scientifically in the formula $(C_{16}H_{18}N_2O)$, whilst the derivative of hæmoglobin (human blood compounds) is $(C_{16}H_{18}N_2O_3)$.

From this will be readily seen the close similarity of Phyllosan to healthy human blood.

There is no other specific known to Medical Science which will more quickly and efficiently restore to health those suffering from Anæmia, Neurasthenia, General Debility accompanied by various forms of mental and physical inefficiencies. These and other diseases have hitherto been treated by iron, strychnine and various preparations which tend to produce greater difficulties to an already weakened organism. Phyllosan, on the other hand, immediately replenishes and re-vitalises the blood stream, producing rapid reaction on all physical and vital forces.

It, in fact, transposes the potential energy of the sun to physical energy in man. Supreme and swift in restoring health, it is also supreme and sure in maintaining it.

Independent London Hospitals' reports on cases which had previously been treated with all other preparations for a period of twelve months without any results, show that by Phyllosan treatment alone marked improvement was obtained

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"During the period the patients had no other treatment. Phyllosan was a great success, the improvement to patients was striking, and the general well-being and appearance remarkable in every instance."

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"Clinical experiments show that it brings about an increase of physical and vital forces."

A well-known London physician paid striking tribute to Phyllosan in the correspondence columns of *The Morning Post* in stating :—

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Phyllosan is not only for those who are already ill, but can advantageously be taken by the healthy, or those slightly below par where it is desirous of increasing the resistance to disease and maintaining perfect health. Phyllosan is absolutely harmless, and can be safely given to young or old with equally beneficial results.

The whole of the limited supplies of Phyllosan in the past has been immediately used by doctors and hospitals.

Last year alone upwards of one million prescriptions were written by doctors for Phyllosan treatment.

Recently, however, the laboratories have been extended for the production of a considerably increased output, in which improved methods have been employed, and it is now for the first time possible to supply the specific to the public direct.

Phyllosan may be obtained from all leading chemists, supplied in two sizes—three shillings and five shillings.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"THE next thing to be done is to rake up a few shekels with which to pay the July income tax."

"One of your numberless lovable qualities, Brokie, is the way you always look on the brighter side of things. It must be a gift, I think."

"That's why the average Scotsman has genius: because it's a gift."

The remark evoked the testimony—as it generally does amongst men—that:

"One of the most generous men I know is a Scotsman"; and The Engineer started telling stories about some of the race whom he had met at the Exhibition.

"I believe J. H. Thomas will turn out to be right yet," declared The Merchant, "and that the Exhibition is going to be a huge success."

"But does anybody know anything definite about it?" demanded The Jobber. "We hear all sorts of estimates—"

"Well," The Engineer replied, "I can tell you this. One of the large exhibitors in the Palace of Engineering assured me that he had already taken orders which would more than pay him for what his people had laid out on their exhibit; it ran into huge figures, too. And his is a firm that's known all over the world."

"A manager, or some high official—I don't know what he was—told me that Lyons had made enough profit a week ago to cover what they paid for the catering rights."

"Some of those waitresses are earning money that makes it quite understandable why people can't get servants."

"I'm glad it's doing well," remarked The Broker. "I was very much afraid—"

"Yes, you would be, Brokie."

"That it might prove a frost. The side shows must be coining money on the busy days."

"Come up with me on the Jack and Jill?" The Jobber invited him. "Or shall we have a go on the 'Racers,' for half-a-crown to the winner?"

"I suppose the Swindlecate has made a bit of money out of Kaffirs?" hazarded The City Editor.

Out came the little notebook.

"We snapped a pony on 500 East Rands, a trifle on Rand Mines, and we are bulls of Government Areas and Modder Deep," The Broker reported.

"Lower down?"

"In the last two? Oh, rather. What haven't come off yet are our New State Areas and Cams."

"Oughtn't we to have Modder B?" suggested The Engineer.

"We ought," The Broker assented. "Like-wise Springs, Brakpans, and Gedulds. Only we can't buy the whole of the Market, and we must shift some of our stuff before buying any more. Does that appeal to you as sound policy, O my Brothers?"

Every man's right arm shot up high above his head.

"I thank you for this vote of confidence, gentlemen," said The Broker, replacing the ledger in his waistcoat pocket. "But you know we're down rather badly on Consolidated Diamonds?"

"They will come all right in time," was The Engineer's reassurance. "Only it's a longer wait than I bargained for when I proposed our buying them. I wish to goodness—"

"No inquests," ordered The Jobber. "We never job backwards, and only a fool expects to be right every time."

"You cut out the Tea shares, Brokie?"

"All the lot. Not because I don't believe in them, because I do, as a lock-up. But our game is an in-and-out affair, except in certain cases—"

"Consolidated Diamonds," groaned The Engineer, refusing to be consoled.

"And the Tea Market has no 'go' in it at present. Not so much kick as even the average cocktail. So it's no use to us."

Arms of affirmation again arose.

"The Oil Market is very uncertain too," added The City Editor. "People keep on writing to me to ask whether they should buy Oil shares, but I'm afraid to be very bullish."

"Tell 'em to stick to Shells, Trinidad Leaseholds, and Burmahs. The prices may go down first—"

"In which case," complained The City Editor, "they'll think I'm a fool—"

"No, Sir; I didn't say anything," remarked The Jobber.

"But the good Oil shares will have their turn some day. And so will Rubber."

The Merchant said that Mincing Lane talked Rubber better in about a month's time.

"Hope Mincing Lane will be right," observed The Broker. "I can't see the rise coming myself. Not at present."

"Though in the Rubber Market you never know what may be going to happen," The Merchant defended. "I'd rather buy the shares now than sell them. What on earth are you doing?" he asked The Jobber.

"I'm sorry to cause you these blushes," replied The Jobber, as he bent down and tugged away. "Only there's been a slight fall in my Honi Soit. Oh, hang! Now the clip's broken!"

The City Editor handed him a piece of string.

Friday, June 13, 1924.



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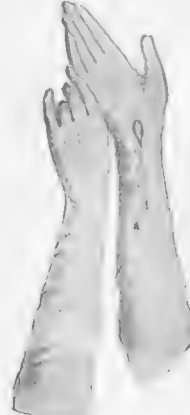


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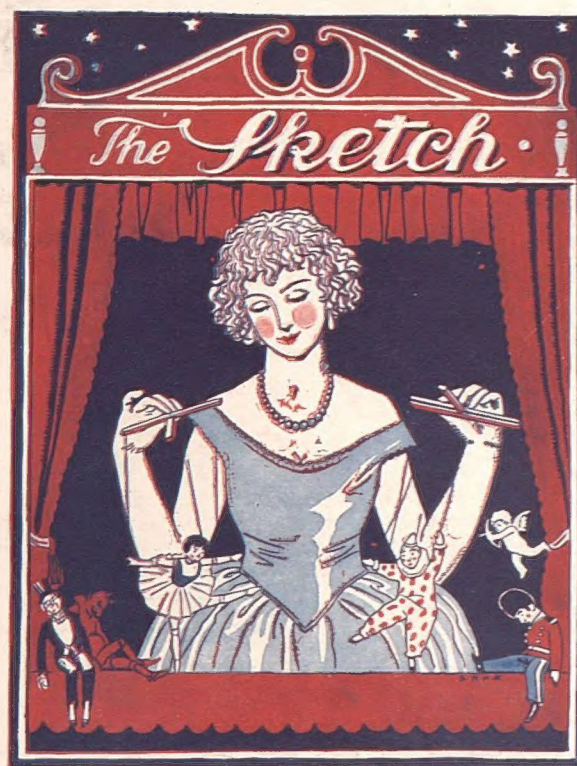
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LOOK BACK TO PAGE 2 OF COVER.

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LETTERS

Growing up *with* COLGATE'S



BABS has to learn, as TOM and MARY did before him, not to be left-handed with his toothbrush; but taking the tube in his left hand and the brush in his right, to wash and polish his little teeth with Colgate's.

Colgate's is a simple dentifrice, free from drugs and free from harsh grit, that keeps teeth well and makes them pretty.

Large Size **1⁴**
Why pay more?

